THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1875 by R. J. C. WALKER, Publisher and Proprietor, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. All Rights reserved.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 30.

KIND WORDS.

BY WILLIAM H. HARPER.

Kind words are like the morning sun that gilds the op'ning flower,
Kind words are like the blessings spread by every summer shower;
They light the heart with sunny beams—they shed a fulgent ray,
And cheer the weary pilgrim, as he wanders on his way.

If you have nought to give the poor when winter's snow-clouds loom,
Oh, ne'er forget that one sweet smile may chase away their gloom!
Remember, too, that one kind word may blunt Affliction's dart,
And softly fall, like healing balm, upon the wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words—no tales of dismal strife,
But only kind things whisper, as you tread this vale of life;
Then try, by every word and glance, the suffering to beguile,
And watch them, when you speak kind words, how happily they smile!

CATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VILLETA LINDEN," "THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER," "GENEVRA ST. AUBYN," "BORDER LILY," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FORCED WILL," "BORDER ROVER," "CLARA MOREland," "FEMALE SPY," "TRAITOR," "FOREST ROSE," "FAIR REBEL," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

In an instant Ellen was knocked down, trampled on, and lay senseless and bleeding on the frozen snow.

CHAPTER V.

A NOTORIOUS DEN AND CHANGE OF SCENE.

The den into which little Ellen had been so unceremoniously thrust by the hunchback was one of those vile resorts of the most miserable and degraded of human beings. It was small, and dark, and damp, and the close air was filled with the noxious smoke of rank tobacco and the steam of drunken breaths. One side of the room was occupied by the bar, as it was called, in which the intoxicating and deadly poison was kept, and over which presided the master-fiend of the place. At the end farthest from the street, a flight of old crazy stairs led to the story above, and another to the cellar beneath, and along the walls were benches devoted to the comfort of the customers.

The proprietor of this establishment was a hideous dwarf, known as Jimmy Quiglan, and was well fitted by nature to be the presiding genius of so foul a place. He was upwards of forty years of age, and something over four feet in height. His large head was covered with black, coarse, matted hair, and seemed to find a comfortable lodgment between the shoulder-blades, dispensing with anything resembling a neck. His body, of an ordinary size and length, terminated on short duck-legs, with monstrous feet. He had a low forehead, and a large, broad face, deeply seamed, and apparently grown old before its time. His eyes were large, dark, and cold, and while they gave some evidence of intellect, they gave none of the better feelings of humanity. His nose was long and hooked, and his mouth large, with massive jaws, and teeth like fangs. Altogether he looked the monster, and resembled in no slight degree a large spider, surrounded by his web, and watching for an opportunity to pounce upon some new victim.

Now, Jimmy, as this hideous being was familiarly termed, had a plan of doing business quite original. His den was a lodging as well as a drinking-house, and here a customer could get drunk, at the rate of a cent a glass for the best brandy, and be allowed to sleep upstairs, on the floor, for three cents per night, or below, in the cellar, on the damp ground, for one; and in case of his getting drunk through the day, the enterprising landlord would "run him" for nothing, that is to say, he would chuck him through a narrow hole in the wall, or side door, into a dirty yard, and there leave him exposed to the weather, till such time as he might sufficiently revive to imbibe afresh.

Although it was an early hour in the morning when little Ellen entered this foul abode, it was, as we have before remarked, filled with human beings, though hardly deserving a term which places them in the scale of animal progression so much above their superiors, the brutes. Male and female, white and black, all filthy, ragged, and the greater portion of them nearly drunk, were huddled together, to the number of fifteen or twenty, in this small room, and were drinking, smoking, cursing, and swearing, in a way that must have given the most profound satisfaction to his Satanic Majesty. In the bar, smiling as fiends might be supposed to smile, and rubbing his hands with delight at intervals between supplying one customer and an order from another, stood Jimmy Quiglan, alive to the profits of that blithe Christmas morning.

And no one knew better what the profits of that day would be, than Jimmy himself, for besides those already mentioned as being in active trade, he knew exactly how many lay intoxicated above and below stairs, how long it would take them to get sober, and how many glasses to make them drunk again—calculations being only made on those having money—and Jimmy, by previous inspection, could name to a cent the value of each lodger.

It may be a matter of curiosity to the reader to know how such wretched beings obtained money at all, but it will only be necessary to state that some were bone-gatherers, some rag-pickers, some professional beggars, and the rest job-workers and thieves. Like the lazaroni of Naples, this class of our population, which is more numerous than many suppose, take no thought for the morrow, but, with the small pittance they may have received for a day's hard labor in their respective vocations, they pay for the poison that for the time brings oblivion, and with returning consciousness repeat the dose so long as their money holds out. It is not an uncommon thing for one of these wretches to go days without food, passing, meantime, from one drunken fit to another, without drawing one sober breath.

It was into this vile place, as we have said, that little Ellen was thrust by the hunchback, who quickly followed and closed the door. As she looked hurriedly around her, with an expression of terror on her pale features, the deformed boy took her hand, and said, in a tone calculated to reassure her:

"Don't be alarmed, my little lady; nobody shall hurt you here."

"Oh, let me go out! I'm so afraid!" she answered, in a trembling whisper.

"Well, so you shall, as soon as I can get the brandy. Give me the money and the bottle, and I will have it filled at once."

Ellen put both into his hands, and whispered:

"Oh, be quick! I'm so afraid!"

"A pint of your best brandy, Jimmy!" cried the hunchback, in a loud tone, and with an air of vast importance, as he placed the bottle upon the counter with a force that made it ring again.

"Down with your dough, then, Nob," replied Jimmy, with a grin. "I doesn't read, myself, Nob, but them as does says as how that there bit of pasteboard (pointing to a card on the wall above his head, which contained the words 'No Trust,') tells all the larned that nobody can't come the giraff over Jimmy Quiglan—ha! ha! ha!"

"Open your eyes, then, Jimmy," returned the hunchback, with a laugh, "for here is more white money than you have seen among your ragged customers for many a day." And he placed the money, with a great degree of importance, upon the counter.

Jimmy's eyes fairly glistened as he seized the coin; and, after a close examination, to be certain it was genuine, he said:

"Yes, that's good, Nob—the brandy's good, Nob—and so, in course, a fair exchange ain't no robbery—ha! ha! ha!"

While Jimmy was pouring out his pint of poison, the hunchback got upon a stool, leaned over the counter, and whispered something in his ear. Jimmy grinned, winked, and nodded; and, springing down from his stool, the hunchback, much to Ellen's surprise, disappeared through the crowd.

For half an hour, in that close, noisome hole, surrounded and rudely jostled by filthy wretches in every degree of intoxication, whose horrible blasphemy and vulgar obscenity made her gentle and unpolluted spirit tremble and shrink in its mortal casement, like the sensitive plant when rudely touched, little Ellen most anxiously awaited the return of her ungainly companion. Finding he came not, she at last, in no little trepidation, applied to the landlord for information concerning him.

"He's doing well, Nob is—ha! ha! ha!" returned Jimmy. "He told me if you axed arter him, to gin you his compliments, and say he was just trying the brandy, to see if it was good."

"Well, tell him he mustn't keep me waiting, as my mistress will be very angry," returned Ellen.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, with a grin, that made little Ellen shudder, "if you're going to wait till he comes, you'll want lodgings."

"Won't he come, sir?" timidly inquired Ellen.

"Not afore he gits sober, gal—ha! ha! ha! He's drunk by this time, you may bet your head."

"Then I must go without him," returned the child—not sorry, if truth must be told, to be rid of one whose reappearance in the street, she believed, would be the signal for fresh abuse. "Will you please give me my brandy?"

"Your what?" grinned Jimmy.

"The brandy that the deformed boy bought for me."

"Why, you little fool," laughed Jimmy; "that's what he's getting drunk on; and there ain't a gill left now, you can bet your head."

"Oh, then what will become of me?" exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears. "When I get back, I shall be beat and turned out of doors."

"Well, don't go back, then!" said the dwarf, with a hideous grin. "Such a perty creater as you is, needn't starve no cross mistress. Jest you stay here till night, and I'll take you round to the nicest place you ever seed."

"No! no!" said Ellen, shuddering and shrinking back—for there was something peculiar in the cold light of the dwarf's eye, which seemed to cast a wicked influence upon her innocent spirit. "No! no! I must go right home, and tell my mistress the truth, and take the consequences."

Jimmy was about to say something more, when his attention was arrested by a fight between two of his drunken customers—a white man and a negro.

"Stop!" thundered the worthy landlord, seizing a billet of wood and springing upon the counter; and the next moment, finding he was not heeded, he struck the nearest over the head, and knocked him down.

Now some one thought this an improper interference of the host, and immediately knocked him over behind the bar among his kegs of poison. This opened the way to a general fight; and in less than a minute, every one, not too drunk to stand up, was battering away at his neighbor.

From this *melee* little Ellen managed to escape unharmed; and the moment she gained the street, she hurried away, intending to return at once to Margaret, and report truly what had happened, although she trembled to think what might be the result.

But it proved to be less easy to find her way back to her last night's quarters than she had supposed; for she knew not the name of the street in which she had first met the hunchback, and she had neglected to notice the turnings made afterward. As a consequence of her haste to get back, and ignorance of the locality, she lost her way, and wandered through several dirty streets and alleys, looking in vain for a spot she could recognize.

At length, by keeping on a certain course, she found herself entering a better quarter of the city; and although she knew she was now going in a direction that would not lead to the abode of Margaret, she felt it such a relief to escape from the disgusting scenes behind her, that she could not prevail upon herself to turn back, but, quickening her pace, walked on, determined to trust herself once more to the guidance of Providence. She now passed habitations that had an appearance of comfort, if not of wealth; while the passengers on the street were warmly clothed, and had generally a cheerful and happy look.

Still Ellen walked on, with something of that spirit of adventure which takes one forward, one neither knows nor cares whither, so that each passing moment is gratified by a change; and at length, by mere accident, she found herself one of the crowd thronging the rich and fashionable thoroughfare of the city.

It was a strange sight to the poor girl; and as she stared around her at the high and splendid buildings, the glittering shop-windows, the richly attired and jewel-bedecked passers—upon all of which the bright sun of that Christmas morning was shining as though it might never be dimmed by a cloud—amid the hum of voices and the jingling of the merry bells—she felt bewildered and confused by the contrast to that loathsome and wretched quarter she had so recently left, and like the novice transplanted by the magic of Aladdin's lamp to a gorgeous scene in the Orient. Was this the same city of which she had been an inhabitant for more than two years? and was this mart of fashion within a few minutes' walk of the filthy dens where human beings famished and starved to death almost daily? It seemed impossible; and yet it was either a dream or a reality. Was it a dream? She rubbed her eyes and stared again; and at the same moment, as if to set the matter forever at rest in her wondering mind, some hasty pedestrian ran against her, and nearly knocked her down; and stumbling against the velvets and furs of a *soi-disant* lady, she was put rudely aside, with the cold, sharp words:

"Stand out of the way, you beggar!"

On they went—the rich Mrs. Markham and her daughter—while little Ellen, with a sorrowful heart, and a tear-dimmed eye, turned away, with the feeling that she was never more alone and friendless than among that jostling crowd of richly attired persons and happy-looking faces.

For half an hour she wandered up and down Chestnut street, wondering at all she saw, and lost in a whirl of thought both new and strange. At length, seeing numbers crossing the street, she mechanically attempted to follow. We say mechanically—for she was abstracted in thought, and had no settled purpose in view, and this caused a heedlessness that came nigh being fatal. With that desire of making the most of the fallen snow, which the citizens of those cities have who see the ground covered but a few days in the year, Chestnut street, on that bright Christmas morning, might be described as a rushing, whirling stream of horses, sleighs, and human beings; and scarcely had little Ellen put her foot off the side pavement, ere she was struck by the breast of a fiery horse going at great speed. In an instant she was knocked down, trampled on, and lay senseless and bleeding on the frozen snow; while the vehicle which passed over her—containing a man in a fashionable dress, and a female well muffled up in furs—dashed on at a still more furious rate, as if the occupants were anxious to escape the censure and penalty of fast and careless driving. Besides, one glance at the dress of little Ellen was sufficient to tell them that she belonged to that despised class of society who have no influential friends—and so, what mattered it whether she were living or dead!

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING OF MYSTERY.

It is with joy—sincere, heartfelt joy—that, like the artist with his pencil, we are permitted to dip our pen in the brightest colors, and give some pleasing relief to a sombre picture. The great city—with its collected thousands, of all grades, from the millionaire to the beggar—has its bright as well as dark spots; and if the fallen wayfarer is passed on one side by the Priest, and on the other by the Levite, the good Samaritan is almost certain to make his appearance, with oil for the wounded body and consolation for the wounded heart. Let us, whatever may be our affliction, ever keep this truth in view: that God, who sees the sparrow fall, will not always permit us to suffer; and that the promise of salvation is to him who shall endure to the end.

When consciousness returned to little Ellen, she found herself lying upon a soft bed, surrounded by silken curtains; and her first feeling was one of extreme surprise and wonder. Where was she? and how came she there? She thought it must be a dream; and she attempted to rouse herself to learn the truth. In doing this, she discovered that she was as weak as an infant; and that the slight movement she made caused her much pain in her limbs and several parts of her body. With this came a dim recollection of a whirling crowd of human beings, horses and vehicles, all mixed up in wild confusion, with a strange kind of noise, like the tinkling of many bells heard amid the roar of a waterfall. This was all she could remember; and this seemed rather to perplex and confuse, than give her any clue to the unraveling of the mystery.

"Ah! where am I?" murmured Ellen, at length, beginning to grow alarmed.

Scarcely had she spoken, when a small, white hand gently parted the silken curtains, and a beautiful face—which, to the excited mind of little Ellen, appeared to be that of an angel—looked in upon her; and a voice, as sweetly melodious and touchingly plaintive as the tones of an Æolian harp, said:

"Did you speak, dear child?"

Poor little Ellen was more astonished than ever, and more than ever convinced that what she saw was a vision and not a reality. What! such words of sweetness and kindness, from a being so beautiful, to be addressed to her! Impossible. And yet, if a delusion of the senses, it seemed likely to be prolonged, with a wonderful semblance of the real—for soft eyes were compassionately beaming upon her; and the lips of that lovely face again parting, the silver-toned words again came forth:

"Did you speak, dear child?"

"Where am I?" murmured Ellen, with her eyes fixed upon the apparition; "and what beautiful being are you, that *seem* to speak to me?"

"Ah! I was certain I heard your voice!" cried the beautiful stranger; while a gleam of joy, like a ray of sunshine upon a lily, rested upon her pale, lovely countenance. "I have waited long, and prayed often, to have words of conscious intelligence pass your lips—and at last my prayer is answered."

"Are you one of the angels my dear mother used to tell me about?" inquired Ellen, simply—for as yet she knew not whether to regard the being she saw as celestial or terrestrial.

"No, child," answered the other, with a sweet but melancholy smile, "I am no angel, but a poor mortal like yourself."

"Then tell me how I came here, and what it means! for it all seems to me like a dream," said Ellen, wonderingly.

"Have you no recollection of being in Chestnut street on Christmas morning?" inquired the other.

"No, lady—since you say you're not an angel—I don't remember of ever having heard of Chestnut street before," answered the wounded child.

"Perhaps you never did hear the name; but have you no recollection of being in a gay street, crowded with people, horses and vehicles?"

"Oh, yes, lady—I do remember that, since you mention it—and I was so astonished at all I saw! But wasn't that a dream?"

"No, dear child, that was a reality—an almost fatal reality to you, as it proved. You were knocked down, run over and picked up for dead. But you are alive now, you see; and so you must offer up thanks to God for having preserved your life."

For a few moments Ellen did not reply, but looked very serious and thoughtful. Then, to the surprise of her fair friend, she said:

"Dear lady, for all your kindness to me, who haven't any friends, I want you to think me very grateful; but (and the tears came into her eyes) maybe I should have been better off if I had died. It is wrong, maybe, for me to say so, but I can't help my thoughts;" and as she concluded, her tears flowed freely.

"Indeed it is wrong for you to say so, dear child," replied the other, tenderly; "for God sent you a preserver, and He does all things for the best. Come! come! you must not weep—brighter days are in store for you—and in me you shall henceforth have *one* friend at least. I know something of your history, I think—for at times, for several days, you have been delirious; and from what has fallen from your lips, I judge you are a friendless orphan, whom mankind has treated all too roughly."

"But where am I now, dear lady? how came I here? and who are you?" inquired Ellen, much astonished and perplexed.

"A few words will explain all, dear child. But perhaps we had better defer our conversation till you have gained strength; you are weak now, and should rather sleep than talk, or even think."

"But, dear lady, unless you tell me all now, I shall not be able to sleep for thinking."

"I will let you judge your own case then. Do you think it will injure you if we converse on the subject that most interests you?"

"No, lady, I'm sure it will not."

"Well, keep your mind calm, and let nothing excite you. You must know, then, that on Christmas morning, as I was passing along Chestnut street, in company with a friend, I saw, among the crowd of human beings swayed to and fro, a little face, so beautiful, and yet so thin, pale and sorrowful, that I found my gaze riveted there as by some magic spell. A strange, unaccountable feeling at the same time took possession of me; and I seemed to know—though by what means, and for what purpose, I cannot tell—that my destiny, and that of the sweet, lovely, but seemingly heart-broken, little wayfarer, were intimately connected."

She paused a moment, apparently abstracted from her narration by some curious reflections; and then, rather thinking aloud than addressing her little companion, she continued:

"It is certainly very strange that I should arrive at so singular a conclusion, without the aid of a single reasoning faculty—nay, with all the powers of reason arrayed against it! By what wonderful process was that knowledge of a something in the future conveyed to my soul with the startling rapidity of a flash of lightning? Is it possible that when two strange spirits meet, which are destined to act materially on each other for good or evil, there is an electric or magnetic emanation which telegraphs to one or both the important truth? Or may it not rather be that we catch up a fancy of our own, and believing that a certain event is foreordained, so govern our actions afterward, that we of ourselves

bring to pass that which we had thought fated? Ah! who knows? Life is a mystery!"

Again addressing the wondering Ellen, she continued:

"Well, as I have said, my attention was arrested and riveted by a sweet, sad face among the moving crowd; and I felt a strong inclination to spring forward and clasp the poor and friendless little creature in my arms—for that she was poor and friendless could be seen at a single glance. I restrained my desire, however, and passed the little wayfarer, so closely that my garments brushed hers. I turned to look after her; but a crowd had already filled up the space between us, and I barely caught a glimpse of her thin form edging its way amid the throng. I walked on a few steps further, when something seemed to tell me that I must turn back; and with a half intention of doing so, I had already halted, much to my friend's surprise, when I heard cries of alarm, and saw numbers hurrying to a certain spot at no great distance. Why was it then my heart assured me that something awful had happened to the little being in whom I had just taken so deep an interest? I cannot tell; but so it was; and like a mother flying to the rescue of her child I hurried to the excited group, already gathered around the bloody and senseless form of the little stranger. Not to prolong my story, dear child, I had you conveyed hither——"

"Me?" interruped Ellen, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, my child, you. Why, do you not know that it is of you I have been all this time speaking?"

"No, lady—I thought you meant some other little girl. I didn't know as there was anything about me to interest anybody, and particularly such a kind and beautiful lady as you are."

"God bless you, poor child!" exclaimed the other, fervently, "you shall not always think so." And, bending over, she kissed the little sufferer with such affectionate tenderness that the latter was forced to give vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. "Come! come!" she continued, as if chiding herself, "I am acting a very imprudent part, and against the orders of the surgeon, who told me, if your senses returned, I must be so careful not to agitate you."

"Don't go away yet," said Ellen. "I want to talk more. I know I'll not be any worse for it. How long have I been here?"

"This is the ninth day."

"The ninth day?" repeated Ellen, all amazement. "Why, isn't this Christmas morning?"

"No, my dear, it is the eighth day from Christmas."

"And have I been asleep all this time?"

"You have been all this time unconscious or delirious. But you must not think of it now. When you get better, I will tell you all about it."

"Am I badly hurt?"

"So seriously, that we feared you would not recover. There! I must stop talking with you. Try and compose yourself to sleep. How do you feel now?"

"I feel as if it wouldn't do me any harm to talk more. But I'll do just as you say."

"Yes, do—that is a good little girl. By-the-by, you may tell me your name, if you please, so that I shall know what to call you."

"My name is Ellen Norbury."

"How? Norbury?" exclaimed the other, starting and changing color—"Norbury, did you say?"

"Yes, lady, that is my name. I hope it don't offend you."

"And what was your father's Christian name?"

"William."

"Was he an Englishman by birth?"

"Yes, lady, I think he was—but he lived in Dublin when I was born."

"Indeed! What was his occupation?"

"He was an artist."

"It must be the same!" mused the other. "Strange!"

"Did you know him?" inquired Ellen, not a little surprised at the impression which the name of her father seemed to produce on the other.

"I never saw him, my child. But you must ask me no questions now; when you get stronger, I will tell you more. Meantime, I must enjoin upon you to let no one else in this house—neither my father nor the servants—hear you mention the name of Norbury. Should my father, who is a strange kind of man, chance to inquire your name, you must on no account let him know it is Norbury. From what you said, while delirious, I judge that both your parents are dead?"

"Yes," sighed Ellen.

"Did they die in this country?"

"My mother did, but my father died on the passage over," sobbed the other. "Oh, lady, if you please, don't ask me any more questions about them now; it makes me so sad to talk about them."

"Only one more, Ellen," returned the other, with a kind of eager earnestness. "Did you ever hear either of your parents mention the name of Clendennan?"

Ellen shuddered, as she replied:

"Yes—I heard my father—once."

"What did he say?"

The fair questioner fairly held her breath for the answer.

"He said he hoped the curse of God would light upon him."

Instantly the features of the young lady grew deadly pale, and, stepping back, the curtains came together, shutting her from the view of Ellen, who was thus left to ponder upon a new mystery. After waiting some minutes, in the vain expectation of being again addressed by her fair protectress, she ventured to inquire if she were still present. Immediately the curtains were gently parted again, and, to the surprise of Ellen, another strange face appeared. It was that of a woman turned the prime of life, who wore a cap, and had a neat, tidy appearance, and whose countenance had a sedate, though somewhat stern, expression.

"I am glad to find you rational, my child," she said, in a slow, dignified tone; "but it is not proper that you should talk more at present. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No ma'am, thank you," answered Ellen. "I was asking if the lady, who was just now with me, was still here?"

"No, child, Miss Rosalind has just left the apartment, and I have come to take her place."

"It is very kind of you, ma'am," said Ellen. "Are you her mother?"

"No, child, her mother has been dead some years. I am her governess."

"Will you please to tell me her last name?"

"It is Clendennan."

"Indeed!" exclaimed little Ellen, in a tone of so much surprise, that Mrs. Wyndham inquired if she were previously acquainted with the name.

"I have heard it mentioned before," said Ellen, "in much indifference as she could assume, for the recollection of her conversation with Miss Rosalind caused her no little agitation, which she effectually strove to conceal from the governess.

"Very likely," was the rejoinder, "for it is a noble name, and ranks among the proudest of the chivalrous sons of Ireland."

"Has Mr. Clendennan been long in this country?" inquired Ellen.

"Some five years, my child," answered Mrs. Wyndham. "But you must ask no more questions now—it will do you harm to talk. Here," she continued, retiring for a minute, and returning with some liquid in a teaspoon—"here, take this, and compose yourself to sleep."

Ellen did as directed, and, in a few minutes, notwithstanding her recent nervous agitation, she felt a soothing, drowsy influence begin to steal over her, and presently her troubled spirit began to glide away from the cares of mortality, and rejoice in the gorgeous scenes of the fairy realm of dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIGIN OF FAMILY NAMES.

Existing names are of different kinds and origin. Some designate a trade, as Tailor, Smith, Shoemaker (in German, Shuster), Mason, Baker, Cooper, Carpenter, Gardner, Carter, Cartwright, Carver, Cook, Bleecker, Miller, Fowler, Foster, Horseman, Adler, Fisher, Hunter, Merchant (in German, Kauffner; in Dutch, Koopman), Tyler, Washman, Singer, Plumber, Wheeler, Stewart, Bishop, Pope, Brazier, Staker, Barber, Boiler, Oysterman, Sheriff, Butler, etc., and very naturally when, by civilized organization of society, it was found necessary to accept fixed names for families and their descendants, very often the name of the trade pursued by the head of the family was accepted by the children, and thus went down to all the descendants. In other cases, and this was the oldest custom, the sons added to their father's baptismal name the termination of son, so when the father's baptismal name was, for instance, Jacob (and we know that the patriarchs had only one single name), the son called himself Jacobson, and if his baptismal name was John, he was called John Jacobson, his son William would be called William Johnson, his son again, say Peter, was called Peter Williamson, and so on. Ancient records prove that such was the custom in Europe until laws were established requiring a permanent uniformity in the family names. This was especially found necessary for the enforcement of the laws on the inheritance of property; hence the names Dickson, Thompson, Levyson, Harrison, etc. Other names are evidently derived from the nationality of one of the ancestors; for instance, we find the family names of Irish, Dutch, German, French, English, etc., or after the cities from whence they perhaps came, as Paris, London, Madras, Berliner, York, etc. Other names again are evidently derived from a nickname, especially those meaning an animal, as Bull, Bear, Fox, Wolf, Ox, Lion, Hare, Sparrow, Colt, Bird, Stork, Pigeon, Swan, Fish, Pike, Salmon, Duck, etc.; or after a color, as Black, White, Blue, Green, Brown, etc.; also after some quality, as Small, Short, Low, Long, Sweet, etc. But the most curious of names are those derived from objects, as Brush, Bell, Gun, Anker, etc.; or a material, as Water, Wine, Brandy, Zinc, Coffee, Silver, Gold, Stone, Wood, and even objects of clothing, as Shirt, Vest, Coat, Stockings; or a part of the body, as Leg, Arm, Trunk, Head, Whiskers, Beard, etc. All these names are found in the directories of our large cities, and some names are even taken from the meteorological phenomena, as North, East, South, and West; Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter; Moon, Sun, Star, Rain, Snow, Wind, Blow; and finally we find Angel, Devilgas, Hell, and Dam.

"DR." OR "MR.?"—The physicians of England are always known by the simple title of "Mr." and all efforts to revolutionize public sentiment so as to authorize the assumption of the title of "Doctor" have, to use a medical term, proved to be abortive. The Royal College of Physicians of London has announced that it does not recognize nor sanction the assumption of the title of "Doctor" by its licentiates. It appears, also, that neither has a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburg, or of the King and Queen's College of Ireland, any right, as such, to style himself "Doctor." The *British Medical Journal*, which communicates this information, adds that a university degree alone gives this distinguishing title to graduates in medicine. An American physician of good standing, lately attempted to pass as "Doctor" in London, but he felt the stern grasp of the law, and now practices as "Mr." Blank.

IT is far better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "The Mohicans of Paris," and a sequel to the same, "The Horrors of Paris," by the great French novelist Alexander Dumas.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia: "The Mishaps of Mr. Ezekiel Pelter." This is a clever satire, exposing certain social errors and humbugs, and is besides handsomely gotten up, the illustrations being remarkably well executed. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, Ills.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW, for January and February, 1875. An excellent number of a periodical founded on substantial merit. "Vienna and the Centennial," by Prof. Hart, and "Ideas in Nature," by Dr. McCosh, are timely and valuable contributions. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "The Wonderful Life," by Hesba Stratton. This volume tells the story of the life of Christ, in a plain, simple and continuous narrative, suitable for unlearned readers. And "Character Sketches," by the late Norman Macleod, D. D. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. Also, "My Story," a novel, by Mrs. K. S. Macquoid, the author of "Patty." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

TRUE AS LOVE COULD MAKE HER.

BY FRANK M

"True as love could make her,"
Oh! what depth of truth were there—
How her woman's heart was glorified
By love, true love, so rare!

How her soul went out to all things,
In the Heavens and in the earth
When the memory of her lifetime
Pure and beautiful, had birth.

"True as love could make her,"
Oh! what tender thoughts arise,
As we watch the cheek so blushing,
And the downcast, dewy eyes.

Akin unto the angels
Nightly watching at her bed,
With a portion of their halo
Round her young and shining head.

"True as love could make her,"
Love and truth here both from Heaven;
Blest indeed the happy mortal
To whom love and truth are given.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOE SAWYER'S REPORT.

The excitement in the town was intense. Troops were moving to and fro, and officers, with looks full of importance, went hastily by. The citizens gathered in excited knots on the street, or were engaged in fearful preparations for they knew not what danger. Rumors flew about in growing numbers. The Indians had been reinforced by a large party. Colonel Bowles and Lone Star were at their head. They were sweeping the whole line of settlements south of the Nina. The whole Cherokee nation was on the war path. They had turned back, and were gathering about the town. Nacogdoches would be surely attacked.

Such was the staple of the rumors that floated by, lent fuel to by the reports of frightened settlers who were flying to the town for safety.

About Colonel Brownson's headquarters there was no less an air of excitement. Officers and messengers were coming and going. Horses stood ready saddled at the door. A sense of haste and worry pervaded the air.

The colonel was at his desk busily writing. Three or four other officers were in the room with him, dressed in the uniform of the Texan service, and evidently of high rank. One, at least, ranked equal with himself. They were the members of the court-martial which he had convened.

They were engaged in animated conversation in regard to the subject which just then fully occupied the town, and listened with deep attention to the reports that flowed in.

"What is the strength of your regiment, Colonel?" asked his fellow in rank.

"Something less than five hundred men," was the reply.

"And part of them are out on scouting duty?"

"Yes; there are less than three hundred in garrison."

"Do you think these fellows will have the temerity to attack a garrisoned town? They could have no hopes of success. Every citizen here is a soldier."

"The Cherokees are very daring," replied Colonel Brownson. "Their leaders are shrewd and bold men. If they are in such numbers as the reports make them, they may make a dash on the environs of the town. There are many fine farms, you know, within a mile of Nacogdoches, which would pay them better than the huts of the frontier settlers."

"You are disposing your troops to guard these farmers?" asked another of the officers.

"As well as possible. It is a long line to cover with three hundred men. No one can tell where to look for an Indian attack. The business for which we have come together will have to wait until this peril is over."

"Certainly," replied the officer; "especially as our man has flown. We will have to wait until he turns up, or sit in judgment on a shadow."

"The law cashiers him for flying from arrest," replied Colonel Brownson, "without mention of his graver offence. I do not wish to be hard on Major Amberly, gentlemen, but the discipline of the Texan service is much relaxed. An example of severity is required to restore the tone of the army."

"Every officer has been too much in the habit of making his own will his law," replied his fellow colonel.

"And there has been more than one disaster in consequence," said another officer. "Fortunately our soldiers are too brave to let themselves be beaten, whether their officers blunder or not."

"And yet this lack of discipline partly excuses Major Amberly for what was, at worst, but a natural error of impulse," said a third officer.

"We must cease condoning these errors of impulse, major," replied the colonel. "We can have no discipline if officers exchange their duty for their impulses. I repeat, there must be an example."

He was interrupted by a person entering.

This was a short, stout, whiskered man, with weather-beaten face, and dressed in the garb of a hunter. It was none other, in short, than our old friend, Joe Sawyer.

"I'm just up from below, gentleman," he said, twirling his cap uneasily in his hands. "I see there's a bit of worry in the town. Thought I'd just step up to the captain's office and report."

"If you know anything worth telling, my man, we are ready to hear you," said the colonel. "We have no time to listen to men who know nothing, and take an hour to tell it."

"I don't know much," answered Joe, "and I've got no hours to waste in telling it."

"Go on, then. Have you seen the Indians?"

"I bet," was Joe's answer.

"Close at hand?"

"Too close for fun. I snaked through them, and had to cut stick, with a dozen of the copper devils loping after me."

"There are two questions, then, I wish you to answer to the best of your knowledge. How many Indians are there out? and what seems to be their object?"

"What I know about it won't take long in telling," said Joe, coolly. "You see, I inhabit a trifle of a cabin down on the Angelina, along with a few women folk that I lay claim to. Well, we heered about the Injuns tother day, and had to take the back track."

"You are taking the back track now, in answering my questions," said the colonel, impatiently.

"I'm coming round there," answered Joe, steadily. "When it's injuns you can't go straight. Well, you see, I left the woman safe and tramped back to look after my real estate. I had other reasons, too, that will keep. Between you and me, colonel, I was riled when I seed a line bed of ashes where I'd left as neat a cabin as there's any use talking about."

"How many Indians did you see, and where?" asked Colonel Brownson, angrily.

"That's just about where I'd got," replied the imperturbable Joe. "I had an objick in coming a bit further north, so I toted, struck trails enough in the woods below here, and had to travel dreadful cautious. I tell you, now, I got into a hornet's nest of Injuns, and had to carry what you see of me pretty rapid. Had a narrer streak for my hair. But, here I am, safe as a coon."

"How many Indians were there?" cried the colonel, now decidedly angry.

"Well, I reckon I need, altogether, more or less, about a dozen," answered Joe, coolly biting off a quid of tobacco.

"It is evident this fellow knows nothing about the matter," said the visiting colonel.

"He is just like about forty more, who have come into town brimful of information," said Colonel Brownson. "It is lucky I have better sources of information. You can leave, my man."

"All right, colonel. Hope there's no offence. Was just about saying that the Cherokees ain't five miles out of town, and that they've played a neat Injin trick on your rangers. Maybe, though, you don't want to be bothered."

"What do you mean, fellow? What kind of a trick?"

"They've stretched their trail down the Angelina for the troops to follow. I seed your men, ten miles away, hollering this blind. But the cunning imps have countermarched through a bit of hard site, and are streaking up the Nina like mad. If the town's their game, you'd best git ready. They'll strike some of the outlying farms inside an hour."

This startling information roused the colonel to a pitch of excitement that seemed almost terror. He ran hastily from the room, scarcely excusing himself to his brother officers, sprang on one of the horses that stood saddled at the door, and rode off at full speed in the direction of the barracks.

"Reckon I wakened up old Brownson," said Joe, with a knowing wink to the officers. "He wanted Injin news, and he's got them. Hope Lone Star won't quite skelp him."

With a rolling gait he walked from the room, leaving the officers in doubt as to the amount of truth in his story.

Joe went on down the main street of the town, through a growing crowd of men, women, and children, on whose excitable nerves the hasty movement of the colonel had acted like fire on gunpowder.

The inhabitants recognized him as a new comer, and pestered him with questions, none of which he took the trouble to answer.

At length, in a half deserted by-street, he stopped, with a loud ejaculation.

"Well, I'll be fizzled!" he said. "Swow! I didn't build to find you here, cap'n. Land the gals safe, hey?"

Captain Wilson, for it was he, had to look twice at the speaker before he remembered him.

"They are prisoners in the hands of the Indians," he replied.

"Jist as I calkerlated," said Joe, in a satisfied tone. "I knowed there was nine chances to one agin them. But where's Jack Gray, and my boy Phil? And how the thunder did you git off?"

"I was a prisoner to the savages, but made my escape last night," replied the captain. "Our two guides got away at the start."

"I could have sworn it," said Joe, delightedly. "Jack Gray's an old hoss. As for Phil Sawyer, maybe it ain't a father's bizness to brag, but he's grit all the way through. Bet a cow they're trailing the Injins this minit. Wish I were along to see Phil doing it."

"That's part of my object here," said Captain Wilson. "I wish to lead a party back to the rescue of Miss Amberly and her companions."

"Miss Amberly! Is it the major's daughter?"

"Yes."

"Thought I knowed the gal's cut of jib. Fought with the major once. He's made tracks from town. Bet a cow he's after his daughter. Hope he'll run foul of Jack and Phil."

"There seems no chance of getting help here," said the captain. "Everybody seems too much afraid of this threatened attack upon the town to venture out of sight of their homes and families."

"That's kind of nat'ral," said Joe. "I'm one, howsomever, that's got nothing but my skelp to protect, so I'm your hoss. I kin find you two or three more that's likewise. But I've had a despit tramp to-day, and I'm kinder fagged out. There ain't a mile more in me till I git a sleep."

"I have walked over thirty miles to-day," said the captain, "and need rest badly myself."

"We'll make a night of it, then," said Joe, "and be off afore daybreak in the morning. If we wait for sunrise, we might have Injin meal for our breakfast. The redskins seem like to draw a tape line round the town, and we ain't moles nor swallows."

CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE RETURN PATH.

We must return to the exciting scene in which we left our principal characters.

Phil Sawyer, as we have related, sprang for the woods, on finding that the Indians were aroused. Lone Star had emulated him in this movement.

The action of the young scout seemed like a desertion of his friends in their extremity, but it had not been made without a sufficient object.

He was unarmed, save with the knife he had so effectively used. He knew that two good rifles commanded the scene. His own weapon lay a few paces back, and he had all the hunter's love of the rifle as a weapon of offence and defence.

The remainder of the Indians were more sluggish than their chief in taking the alarm. Their slumber seemed to have been more profound, and Lone Star was already buried in the bushes when they reached their feet.

The captives were likewise not easily roused, with the exception of Laura, who had been thoroughly awakened, and who sprang to her feet without time for surprise at the fact that her limbs were unbound.

One of the Indians as yet unaware of the cause of the alarm, sprang fiercely forward after the girl, who had taken a few hasty steps as if in flight.

In an instant he had grasped her by the long flowing hair, which had been loosened during her night's slumber.

With a savage laugh of triumph, he waved his keen knife significantly round her head, all the tiger-like ferocity of the Indian awakening in his soul.

All this had occurred in an instant of time. Phil Sawyer had not reached his weapon, before the scream of Laura apprised him of her peril. He turned and sprang back, with the leap of a panther, to the rescue of his lady love.

But quick as was his movement, a quicker messenger preceded him. The night air rang with the sharp report of a rifle. With a death cry the savage threw up his arms and fell prostrate, freeing the frightened girl.

Simultaneously a bullet from the rifle of Major Amberly sped over the intervening space. But Phil Sawyer had leaped between the major and the object of his aim, and only a quick throwing up of the barrel of the weapon saved the daring young scout from a deadly peril.

Miss Amberly and Captain Allen had made no attempt to rise. Their slumbers had been deep, and were yet not fully broken, while the feeling of constriction on their wrists and ankles prevented them from learning that their bonds had been removed.

Phil Sawyer grappled desperately with another of the savages, who had made a slight movement towards Laura.

The two remaining Indians rushed for the woods, with loud yells of defiance.

Phil was armed with his knife, while the savage brandished a tomahawk, but their mutual clasp was so close that neither found an opportunity to use his weapon.

It was a simple trial of strength, and each used his utmost endeavors to overcome the straining sinews of the other.

Meanwhile Phil's two companions broke from their bushy covert, and rushed to the aid of their comrade.

Nellie Amberly was just rising to her feet, and uttered a cry of mingled alarm and joy, as she recognized the peril of their position, and at the same time saw the form of her much-loved father rapidly approaching.

With astonishment as great as her joy she rushed towards him, and was locked in his arms.

Jack Gray ran past, with clubbed rifle, and disappeared in the bushes which concealed the fleeing savages.

"Out of the fire-light!" he cried to his friends, as he passed. "Make for the bush! You are targets here for the redskins."

In a moment he had broken into the line of bushes that concealed the Indians, and disappeared, like them, from view.

Phil Sawyer's struggle with his antagonist continued. The Indian was a stout, athletic man, nearly twice his size, and with muscles toughened by long use. But he had been weakened by a wound in his side, and their strength was nearly equalized.

Back and forth they struggled, each striving to release his arm from the grasp of the other. Phil's youthful vigor was gradually overcoming the weakened sinews of the Indian. His foe noted this and made a desperate effort to recover his lost ground.

The two combatants were swung half round by this movement, the savage occupying the place from which he had flung Phil.

At the same instant the report of a rifle rang out from the bushes, the bullet, which had been intended for the young scout's head, passing through the breast of his antagonist.

With a wild cry of pain the savage released his hold, and fell prostrate from the loosened arms of Phil.

The sound of a crushing blow followed the rifle shot, accompanied by a heavy fall.

Jack Gray stepped again into the circle of light, an ominous red stain on his rifle stock.

"That redskin has gone under," was his announcement. "Lone Star and the other one have made tracks. This is dangerous ground. Let's git."

"Had we not better pursue the savages?" said Captain Allen, who had now risen. "It is not safe to leave them in our rear."

The scout looked at him with an air of wonder.

"You don't calculate we could find them?" he said. "Now I'll tell you my notion. We can't be far from a Cherokee village. It's a chance if there ain't a dozen Indians on our trail by daylight. It's not easy work traveling in the dark, but there's a little light on the river, and we've got to put miles behind us by daybreak."

Nellie Amberly and her father still remained clasped in each other's arms, speaking only words of endearment.

Only when Frank Allen pressed forward, offering his hand to the major, did they return to a sense of the situation. He warmly shook the hand of his friend, a dozen eager questions passing between them.

"Come," said Jack Gray, impatiently; "this won't pay. Lone Star is not to be played with. He will be creeping back and sending a bullet through some of us if we keep in the light. Thought I had laid him out on the island."

"So you did," said Miss Amberly. "One of his arms is badly wounded."

"That's why then he was afeard to face us," said Jack. "This way. We will keep on the river bank, and get the light from the water."

Phil and Laura had been engaged in an animated conversation. They followed, side by side, after the others, Phil first recovering his rifle. Major Amberly and his daughter walked together, still eagerly conversing. Captain Allen and the scout led the march.

The night was a clear one, and they still had the benefit of partial light from the slowly westering moon.

Through every opening in their leafy canopy the clear lustre poured down, enabling them to proceed with double the rapidity they could have otherwise done.

The captives had gained five or six hours of slumber, and were greatly recovered from their weariness. The scouts were trained to long journeys. Only Major Amberly felt severely the weariness of this night march. But his joy in the recovery of his daughter was so great that he would have died rather than yield to the dangerous sense of fatigue, which might throw them back into the hands of the savages.

The night had nearly waned before they paused. The moon had now sunk below the horizon, and the darkness was too great for further progress, at least for the females of the party.

A conversation now took place between the scouts and their military companions. It ended in Phil Sawyer and Captain Allen leaving the others, and penetrating alone into the forest, making such slow and cautious advance as was possible in the deep gloom.

The others, by Jack Gray's advice, laid themselves upon the hard ground, sleep soon sealing their eyes. A suspicion of a nap even overcame the hardy scout himself, from which the early light of the day aroused him.

It was a wild, beautiful morning. The forest was alive with the twittering of birds. The sunlight just touched its upper leaves, while deep shadows struggled with the light on the ground below, when the fugitives resumed their course. They were refreshed by their few hours' sleep, and went briskly forward.

For several hours they continued to walk through the interminable glades of the forest. Nellie Amberly viewing with wonder and a sense of pleasure, the seemingly endless succession of great trunks, the innumerable bright vistas that opened through the trees, the quick flight of the birds, the hasty passage of a squirrel or other small animal, and, in the distance, the flight of an antlered deer.

It was a delightful sensation to her, which her new-gained freedom, and her joy in her father's presence, enabled her fully to appreciate.

At length a gleam of water appeared ahead of them, and they emerged on the banks of a wide-flowing river.

"The Angelina," said Jack Gray, briefly. "About a mile above us lies the mound, which you must all remember. It is good breakfast time."

He produced the stock of provisions he had prepared the previous day, and set the example by a vigorous onslaught on a slice of the antelope meat.

This important duty concluded they resumed their journey, proceeding very slowly down the banks of the river, keeping the stream in full view.

They had not gone far before, round a bend in the stream, a boat broke into view.

It was propelled by two vigorous rowers, and came rapidly forward.

The fugitives hastened onward to meet it, gladly recognizing the forms of the two friends who had left them in the night.

The latter had gone on to the point where Joe Sawyer's boat had been hidden by the scouts, procured this, and rowed up stream to meet their friends.

In a few minutes they were all aboard the staunch boat, and had exchanged their toilsome walk through the woods for this easier mode of progress.

"Let the red devils smell our trail now, if they can," said Jack, as he exultingly wielded the oars.

The savages would have needed to be swift of foot to overtake the fugitives. In the centre of the channel the river ran with a strong downward current, and the boat shot swiftly onward under the powerful strokes of the rowers.

Major Amberly had insisted on taking a pair of the oars, so as to relieve both the former rowers.

The latter needed not much persuasion to relinquish their task. Phil Sawyer trimmed the boat in the bows with Laura Ford, Captain Allen in the stern with Nellie Amberly.

From their low conversation and preoccupied manner it is to be presumed that both couples enjoyed their ride, and wished it might last for untold hours to come.

"Shall it be Nacogdoches?" asked Jack Gray.

"Yes," replied the major. "Whatever the result it shall not be said that I fled from proper investigation. Besides, Captain Wilson is there with President Lamar's pardon; so I need not fear them."

A queer smile passed over Frank Allen's face, but he said nothing. Nellie's countenance clouded. The thought of what this pardon involved seemed to affect them differently.

"The Nina is not a safe stream to go up," said Phil.

"No," replied Jack. "The creek below here, that the Indian camp was on, is the safest. The redskins have all struck for below, and we can go up it without raising a scalp lock."

"How near the town can we reach by the creek?" asked Major Amberly.

"The Cherokee camp was twelve miles off," said Phil; "but I think it runs within seven or eight miles of the town further up."

"The creek be it then," replied the major. "I trust to the two brave guides, who have hitherto been so vigilant and successful, to bring us safely to the town."

A smile of pleasure was on Jack Gray's face, as he bent again to his oars.

For hours they rowed on, with an occasional change of rowers. The woods through which they passed had the deep solitude of a primeval forest. No semblance of danger appeared.

It was past noon when they at length drew the boat into a safe covert, and stood on dry land once more.

There was still eight miles of a walk before them, part forest part prairie. They were somewhat eastward of the town, and imagined that this side would be free from Indians, whom they supposed to be mostly below the Nina. They little dreamed of the perils in store for them.

They had made about three miles of this distance, and were moving on, unsuspecting danger, when Jack Gray suddenly halted, his eyes fixed intently upon the ground.

"What is it?" asked the major, anxiously.

"Indian sign, sure as shooting. A dozen moccasins have passed here."

"In which direction?"

"Towards the town. And inside of an hour."

This was indeed startling. They moved on with a caution which they had not before observed, the two scouts closely watching every sign, eyes and ears alike on the alert.

Phil, at a word from his older companion, now walked rapidly ahead, until lost among the trees.

"It's not safe to go too fast," said Jack, "Phil will report any danger ahead."

They now entered a small clearing, with a strongly built hut in the centre.

It appeared to have been lately deserted by its occupant.

Jack Gray noted this with keen glances as he passed. He seemed to be studying its capabilities for defence.

Ere they had reached the corner of the forest again, Phil hastily rejoined them.

"To the cabin!" he cried, in low, earnest tones. "The red hounds caught sight of me. They will be howling around here before we can make cover."

Jack Gray had already taken the alarm, and was hurrying the women back. The door of the cabin stood open, and in a minute they were all safely within its shelter, and the strong oaken barrier closed and barred.

They were not an instant too soon. As the door was slammed to, a dozen Indians broke from the shelter of the forest, with a wild war-whoop, that rang in fearful echoes through the green woodland. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAMES OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.

These are derived principally from some particular cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Erin, or the country of the west. Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called Caledonia, which means a mountainous country—forests and lands. Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the river Douro, called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto, or Oporto; and when the country was recovered from the Moors, the inhabitants combined the words, and called it the kingdom of Portucale—hence Portugal. Spain—the ancient Iberia, from the river Iberus—or Hispania, from the Phœnecian *spanlga*, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence Spain. France from the Franks, a people of Germany who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul, or Gallia-Brachata, the latter signifying striped breeches, which were worn by the natives. Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, was so named by the Austrians, who called the inhabitants of these mountainous countries Schweitzers. Italy received its present name from a renowned prince called Italus. It was called Hesperia, from its western locality. Holland, the ancient Batavia, a warlike people, was so named from the German word *Hohl*, the English of which is hollow, implying a very hollow country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German *deutsch* or *teutsch*. Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandinavia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which had been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from Sioturna, or Suithead. The active term Norway, or the Northern way, explains itself. Prussia, from Penzzi, a Sclavonic race; but some writers suppose it took its name from Russia, and the Sclavonic syllable *po*, which means adjacent, or near. Denmark means the marches, territories or boundaries of the Danes. Russia is the ancient Samartia, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derived its present name from Russi, a Sclavonic tribe, who founded the Russian monarchy; the original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations. Turkey took its name from the Turks, or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman empire, from Othoman, one of their principal leaders.

WHY THE TELEGRAPH WIRES WOULD NOT WORK.

Lately, while the operators in a telegraph office, in Buffalo, were busily engaged transmitting gold and stock quotations from the office to the different banks in that city, the instrument suddenly, and without waiting or apparent cause, refused to work. Consternation seized all the operators, and they simultaneously gave up the explanation of this break of the lightning. The office was searched; no breaks or crossing of the wires could be found. The entire force there were nonplussed, dismayed, and at a loss to understand the wherefore. The gold and stock quotations had to be carried around to the banks, for the instrument sternly refused to utter a single click. The wires were followed all along their route through the city by the disheartened and now frantic telegraphers. On top of a tall house in the lower party of the city, across which two of the wires ran, was discovered a hoop skirt suspended from both of them. A remark tinged with more force than elegance was heard, and the obnoxious article of feminine apparel which had restored the equilibrium between the positive and the negative wire was dragged down and thrown over into the street. Gold and stock quotations were again transmitted as formerly. We have heard it said that there is always a piece of crinoline at the bottom of every trouble into which a man gets. So it seems.

THE MEASURE OF A NATION'S CULTURE.—In no way can the intellectual status of a nation be more justly estimated than by indicating the extent of certain industries. Hence it is that the American reader will find in the following statistical statement of the state of the paper trade of the world, and the relative extent of the demand for it, a just cause for congratulation. Throughout the world there are 3,980 paper manufactories, employing 80,000 men, 180,000 women, besides 100,000 persons employed in procuring rags or growing plants. The annual production is 1,860,000,000 pounds of paper. One-half of the paper is used by newspaper proprietors and publishers; one-sixth for writing papers; and the rest chiefly for packing purposes. The annual consumption of paper in the so-called civilized nations, is computed as follows: United States, 17 pounds per person; Great Britain, 12 pounds; Germany, 8 pounds; France, 7 pounds; Italy, 3½ pounds; Spain, 1½ pounds; Russia, 1 pound.

FORTY is an ugly corner that takes a man into the shadow of life, as it were. But better be in the shadow with friends you love than keep in the everlasting sunshine of youth, if that were possible, and see them go down in the valley without you. One does not feel his progress when all around is going on at the same rate.

GREATNESS stands upon a precipice; and if prosperity carry a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces.

TIMES.

BY J. L. H.

"Good times, and bad times, and all times, pass over."
Then cheerily bend to the oar;
Through depth and through shallow, through calm and through tempest,
The bark is still nearing the shore.

Soft woos the zephyr and low laughs the ripple,
Warm glows the rich light of the sun,
But oh, at his brightest, he slopes in the westward;
The good time is over and done.

Black rolls the billow, white flashes the breaker,
Fierce and bitter the pitiless blast,
But of its own fury the storm sinks exhausted;
The bad time is over and past.

Our "times" we can neither foretell them nor rule them:
Let us face them, however they come;
Pray God for one true hand to clasp through the hours,
Till sight brings us haven and home.

THE BLIND WITNESS.

BY W. C. ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

Many years ago there lived in a village, which has since become a tolerably large and populous town, a man named Luke Chapman. He was about forty years old at the time of this story, and occupied by himself a little house in one of the three short, narrow streets which then formed the village.

Master Luke Chapman was a rather curious-looking individual. He was surprisingly tall, with a rugged, swart face, black eyes, deep set and heavy under-jaw. His frame was solid, as though hewn out of a block of granite.

He had been a blacksmith, and was reputed to have collected a sufficient sum of money at that calling to enable him to live without having to labor.

The oddness of his appearance was increased by the oddness of his character. He was generally supposed by all the villagers to be deeply religious.

Of his character, indeed, nothing was known. He lived almost wholly secluded. Those who looked into his window as they passed down the street would sometimes see him seated at his table reading.

The house facing his was occupied by a woman who pursued the occupation of sewing. She had begun in a very humble way, taking at a nominal price what work her neighbors chose to give her. She got a name, however, before long as a singularly dexterous needlewoman. Some of the families in the neighborhood heard of her, and gave her employment.

She pleased them so well that more work was given her than she alone could get through. In consequence, she procured from an adjacent town the assistance of two girls, who took up their abode at her house.

The name of one of these girls was Kate Matthews. That of the other does not signify. Our business is with Kate.

She was undeniably a very pretty girl, with fine brown eyes and an abundance of brown hair, with a delicate complexion, a little Roman nose, and soft, red lips. She had a sweet voice. As she sat at the open window, in the eye of the soft summer heaven, sewing, her voice would pour forth like the notes of the flute.

It was a pity that this charming creature's heart was not as pure and innocent as her voice and the piquant little songs she sang.

Do not mistake us. Her character was spotless. Vice, in its literal sense, formed no distinctive portion of her nature. Her fault was that she was one of the most heartless coquettes that heaven in its wisdom ever let loose upon the world to point out to weak men the road to perdition.

She could hardly, indeed, look at the mirror without guessing the prodigious mischief her lovely eyes were capable of perpetrating, if she chose. The pity is that she *did* choose.

There was a dearth of young men at Hatfield—that was the name of the village in those days. What few young fellows the place boasted were not to her taste.

In an evil hour her eye lighted upon the robust form of Luke Chapman. She had, indeed, observed him once or twice before, but inattentively. He had struck her as an old man.

But on this occasion he sat reading at the open window. The mellow light of the declining sun illuminated his strong, rugged face. Though by no means prepossessing, she remarked that he was a fine man—something vastly superior to anything the village had as yet offered her—and she resolved to amuse herself with him.

She was encouraged to proceed in her mischievous resolution when she heard of his reputation for piety.

Certainly, the temptation to the girl was sufficiently great. It would be a glorious illustration of the power of beauty, and of her beauty in particular, to make sullen, rugged, pious Mr. Chapman a martyr to love by the mere exercise of her brown eyes.

So she began. But her success was by no means immediate. Indeed, her first effort resulted in something very much resembling a failure. He met her eye when she was gazing steadily at him, and, without ado, moved at once from the window, and closed it.

She gave a little laugh.

"He will come again," she thought.

Not that day, however, but next morning he showed himself. He raised his eyes to hers; she gave him a coy, fascinating look, then hung her head, with a little pink on her cheek.

Luke seemed surprised. He went on reading; she continued sewing. Presently he looked up again; their eyes met. Luke took a prolonged stare, and she observed with a secret laugh, that when his eyes reverted to the book, they did not rise and fall to the pages like one who reads, but remained fixed like one who thinks.

This sort of thing continued for some days. She had no distinct conception of the impression she was making upon him; but she shrewdly conjectured, from the way in which he lingered at the window, that he found the mute society of her beauty by no means distasteful, and that he quietly encouraged it.

One evening, when taking a stroll by herself, she met him. He colored up when he saw her, like a schoolboy would. His walk took an irresolute air; he appeared as if about to pass her. Suddenly he halted, and with an awkward bow wished her good evening.

The unceremonious salute was excusable. Kate had unquestionably introduced herself to him over and over again. Every look she had given him from the window was as good as saying:

"Allow me to make myself known to you—Miss Kate Matthews, at your service."

To his remark that the evening was fine, Kate made a demure reply. Really, had you seen her standing before him, with her eyes sometimes coyly directed to his, sometimes pensively seeking the ground, her hands clasped in a most virgin-like pose before her, and her attitude rather a drooping one, you would have mistaken her for one of the most modest, the most bashful little women on the face of the earth.

Her beauty seemed to impress our friend Luke. He took in her whole figure—the charming contour of her form, her small white hands, the piquant loveliness of her soft eyes—with a gaze whose admiration deepened. And in proportion as his admiration increased so did his confidence.

He put some commonplace questions to her. She conversed with sweetness and an apparent coyness as captivating as the glances of her eyes.

He offered to walk with her, saying he must not be so rude as to keep her standing. And she gave him permission to do so, though with a pretty, demure air of protest that imparted to the privilege she conferred ten times the magnitude it would otherwise have possessed.

That walk, and the conversation, the glances, the half tones and light blushes it involved, sealed Luke's fate. He parted from her at the top of the street madly in love.

The change his passion effected in his character soon became noticed. The sullenness that appeared to have been induced by his somewhat gloomy pietism was, in a measure, subdued.

He took more pride in his appearance.

The truth was, a human interest had entered his life, and the world, which he had hitherto regarded as an abstraction, was softening, under the vivifying influence of love, into an agreeable fact.

Kate had no conception how much he was in love with her. Luke was one of those undemonstrative men whose nature has to be interpreted from its hints and implications, for it never absolutely expresses itself.

Now, though Kate was a consummate mistress of the art of flirtation, she was as ignorant as a two-year old child of that prodigious mystery, a man's heart.

She continued playing with Luke, making him sink deeper into the unfathomable emotion of love, under the impression that he had not yet passion enough to satisfy her unscrupulous vanity.

Had she known the truth—had she been conscious of the world of fierce passions and pulsating hopes she had called into being—she would have shrunk long before from her profitless amusement with terror.

At last she grew rather weary of this sport. She cared at heart no more about Luke than the man in the moon. She got sick of trying to excite him into those ardent protestations of love which her vanity imperatively demanded as food.

About this time there came to reside at Hatfield, a young, rather well-looking fellow, sent by his father to one Mr. Hopkins, to learn farming. His name was Martin Sherrard.

In the liberal sense of the term he was good-looking. He had white teeth, a fresh complexion, pleasant eyes, and a most agreeable smile.

He and Kate got acquainted—how, we need not pause to inquire. Probably their introduction had been brought about by some such process as had procured her acquaintance with Luke Chapman. Their intimacy became the talk, but not the scandal of the town; for Martin Sherrard had not scrupled to avow his love for Kate in language remarkable for its matrimonial coloring.

Some of the villagers, who knew of Luke Chapman's passion, with the officiousness of your candid friends, told him of Kate's flirtation with Martin.

He replied to them, impassively, that he had his eyes as well as they.

They left him, persuaded that at heart he was as cold as the girl he had pretended to love.

Anything more fierce, more remorseless, more desperate than the jealousy and wrath that animated it is beyond the power of the imagination to conceive. That mind which the simple villagers believed to be radiant with the white light of heaven was lurid with the leaping fires of hell.

What stirred him into madness was that she would still coquet with him with her eyes from the window, even though he knew her to be fresh from the kisses of Martin Sherrard.

What right had she now, he would ask of himself, to continue beaming on him those radiant looks which had at first warmed him into loving her?

CHAPTER II.

One evening Luke Chapman left his house to take an accustomed walk. His brow was dark with a menacing scowl, his lips pallid, his eyes intensely alive with the feverish passion that made his heart burn in his bosom.

About a mile from the village, at the side of the road Luke Chapman was traversing, lay a large, deep, stagnant pool of water. It was protected from the roadside by some rude rails. The pool was known—is still well known—as the Black Pond.

When Luke came to this piece of water he leaned upon the rails, and looked into it. The thought of suicide was strong within him.

Suddenly he was startled by hearing the sound of voices. Desirous of remaining unobserved, he slunk round the railings and stood under the shadow of the trees. Two figures came along the road and paused directly opposite the Black Pond.

"I tell you," said a woman's voice, that thrilled Luke Chapman through and through, "that I shall dance with Walter James as often as I like."

"Against my wishes?" asked her companion, a man.

"You are not yet my master."

"Why do you speak so cruelly?"

"You asked me to go with you. I went—to enjoy myself; and I say that I found a dance with Walter James necessary to my enjoyment."

"But you are betrothed to me, Kate. Surely the wishes of the man you mean to marry ought to weigh with you."

"If I am not allowed to dance with whom I please, all I can say is I am very sorry I ever accepted you."

"Your sorrow need not last long," he replied, in an offended voice.

"Oh, you give me my liberty again! I am much obliged to you. It's a pity though, you should have made a fool of me and of yourself, too, before you knew your mind. Walter James would not act like you."

"Since you prefer Walter James to me, have him."

"Very well, Mr. Sherrard; and now please, leave me."

"I must see you home."

"You shan't. You have made me hate you. Go! Rather than have you walk with me, I'll sit here all night."

She crossed to the edge of the Black Pond and actually seated herself. Martin Sherrard looked at her with an air of irresolution.

"Go away!" she cried, scornfully.

Without a word Martin turned upon his heel and marched off.

"Will you let *me* see you home?"

Kate started with a scream. The apparition of Luke Chapman was wholly unexpected. His deep voice gave a startling significance to his large, muscular form, as he stepped out of the shadows and stood before her.

"Will you let *me* see you home?" he repeated.

She rose, and, in spite of herself shrank from him; but, with forced gayety, replied:

"I have declined the offer of one lover; I must not accept that of another."

He approached her close and stared into her face.

"One lover! one lover!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Did you make me your lover only that you might break my heart—only that you might fling me over and crumble my life into ruins?"

Her effort not to appear frightened made her pert.

"Nobody asked you to be my lover," she said.

"You encouraged me."

"And if I did, it pleased you to fall in love with me. If you hadn't cared about it, all that I could do would have made you—oh, heaven! what—what——"

She tried to articulate; but the fierce grip of his massive hand upon her throat choked her utterance, and rapidly turned her face black.

For him, his whole aspect had changed. His eyeballs started from their sockets, the full veins stood out like cords upon his brow, his face was crimson, his huge form seemed swollen with demoniac passion.

She tossed her hands wildly, her delicate form writhed strongly in the agonies of strangulation; but the remorseless pressure of his hand never lessened. His frightful rage was fed by the spectacle of her sufferings.

Her struggles presently ceased, her head fell on one side. The hideous distortion of her face, the livid complexion of the countenance, were horrible to look upon.

He raised the lifeless form in his arms and tossed it over the rails into the Black Pond.

The sullen splash of the body in the water made a weird and awful echo. The murderer stood like one fascinated, watching the circles of the tide die in eddies upon the margin of the pond.

"What sound was that?" said a voice from behind.

Luke Chapman started and turned as though he had been shot.

An old man, leaning on a stick, stood before him.

"I am blind," said the old man; "but there is some one here."

"I am here," replied Luke.

"Ha! was that you fell in the water just now?"

"No; I was leaning against the palings and one of the rails fell in."

The blind man shook his head.

"'Twas summat heavier nor a rail," said he. "A rail wouldna' ha' made such a noise as that."

Luke was trembling from head to foot. The effort to control his voice made it singularly harsh.

"I tell you it was one of these rails. They're old and rotten, and my weight broke 'em down, and one fell into the water."

The old man stretched forth his arm and ran his stick along the railings.

"There's nought broken there!" he exclaimed.

A sudden terror seized the murderer. He turned, and without a word sped rapidly home.

CHAPTER III.

Kate Matthews was missed. It was known she had accompanied Martin Sherrard, and he was applied to for information respecting her.

He answered sullenly, and with an air of indifference, that he did not know where she was. They had quarreled, he said, near the Black Pond. She had offended him by some impertinence which had resulted in their breaking off their engagement. She had refused to let him accompany her any further, so he had returned home alone. That was all he knew.

Those who heard him watched him suspiciously. His manners were agitated; he spoke of her almost fiercely. Nevertheless, they left him without comment.

Kate Matthews did not return that night, nor yet the next. The woman who employed her grew alarmed. It was idle to suppose she had run away. The presumptive proof against this was, she had left all her things behind her.

The matter was taken up by the local authorities. Suspicions of foul play were excited. The country was scoured. Martin Sherrard's reference to the Black Pond made them drag it; and there they discovered the corpse of the girl.

They brought the poor murdered thing upon a stretcher into the village. The spectators shuddered as the horrible procession passed by. There she lay, her long brown hair, entangled with slimy green stuff, streaming wildly about her; her features distorted; her hands clenched; and with a livid mark upon her slender throat.

Simultaneously with the discovery of the corpse, Martin Sherrard was apprehended on a charge of having committed the murder. A coroner's jury was quickly assembled. One of the very first men summoned to sit on the body was Luke Chapman, and by the general consent of his fellow jurors he was elected foreman.

The room in which the body lay was crowded; the jury collected near the body; fronting them was the accused, Martin Sherrard, guarded on either side by a constable.

The usual proceedings were then gone through, and the prisoner was examined. Nothing could be more straightforward than his declaration. He repeated the statement you have read, and added, that the cause of their quarrel was the girl's deliberate flirtation with a young man named James, whom she had never met before, but whom she had persistently danced with against his, Martin's, wish.

His statement was received with incredulity. It was certain that he had quarreled with her, that he had been the last person with her, that their quarrel had taken place by the side of the Black Pond, in which she had met her death, and that from the desperate appearance of the girl's face, and the marks on her throat, she had not committed suicide, and that she had been murdered.

Luke Chapman dared not look at the corpse. He gazed steadfastly sometimes at the coroner, sometimes at the prisoner. His face was deadly pale; but that was easily accounted for. Had he not loved the poor creature who now lay dead before him, foully murdered?

There was a movement in the crowd near the door. The crowd divided, and an old man, leaning on a stick, came slowly forward. Every eye was turned upon him, and it was observed that he was blind.

A spasm contracted the features of Luke Chapman when his eyes fell on this old blind man, whom he recognized at once.

The old man had some evidence to tender. He was walking from Chorley to Hatfield, and when he came near the Black Pond, he heard a splash of some heavy body thrown into the water.

On reaching the spot, to which he had been directed by his hearing, which was extraordinarily keen, he became sensible of the presence of some person near him.

He accosted him, and the person replied. Whoever that person was, he was the murderer. His evasions, his statement that it was one of the rails that had fallen into the water, and his subsequent escape from any further interrogatories, confirmed the suspicion of his guilt.

On one point the blind man was confident. He had heard the prisoner's voice, and he was not the man.

How did he know? By the voice? Could he remember the voice? Ay, if he heard it. Could he describe it? He attempted a description; but his descriptive powers were feeble, his representation was vague and confused. Indeed, the voice he attempted to describe might as well have belonged to Martin Sherrard as any one else.

The blind man's testimony was of no use. The jury consulted, and were unanimous in pronouncing a verdict of guilty against the prisoner.

It fell to Luke Chapman, as foreman, to deliver the verdict. He shuddered at the consequence of speaking before that keen, blind listener; but speak he must. With a voice as steady as he could make it, his brow corrugated with the effort to preserve the resolute aspect of his countenance, he pronounced a verdict of willful murder against Martin Sherrard. He had hardly spoken, when the blind man arose.

"There stands the man who did the murder!" he cried, shrilly, pointing in the direction of Luke Chapman.

The blood rushed to the face of the murderer, then left it ghastly as that of his dead victim. He hid his eyes in his hands, shuddering and groaning.

All was confusion. Strong hands were laid upon him, which he did not resist. All he said was, the truth bursting from him in his horror and terror:

"I did it! Heaven have mercy on me! I did it!"

He was hurried off to prison, where he made a full confession of his crime. He was tried for the murder, and sentenced to death. But, on the day before his execution he was found lifeless in his cell—disease of the heart the cause of his death.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

WATER window plants with tepid water, and wash the leaves often.

ONE of the best possible remedies for burns is to mix equal parts of linseed oil and limewater, and keep cotton or soft rags well moistened on it until it heals, always shake the mixture before use.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—First turn the socks the wrong side out, then soak the bottom of the socks in a strong brine of salt and water. Then dry them by the fire, and when dry place them on the feet the right side, and wear them, and the feet will soon become comfortable.

CEMENT FOR CHINA OR GLASS.—Take a thick solution of gum-arabic and stir it into plaster paris until of the proper consistency. Apply with a brush to the fractured edges and stick the pieces together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

FARMERS' BOOTS AND SHOES.—Before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow or coal tar, and dry it; then oil the uppers with castor oil—about one tablespoonful to each boot; then oil them twice a week with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire until quite warm, and oil them when wet, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red, give a coat of ordinary shoe-blacking before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering.

MANAGING THE GRATE.—To preserve a fire in the grate or furnace over night there is nothing better than moistened coal screenings: they are better than ashes, and will not cause the formation of clinkers. In the morning, or at any time when the fire is low, put on a little coal, let on the draft, and after it has burned up pretty well, rake gently and add more coal. If raked when the fire is low and dead, it will either go out or be a great while in getting on a head and producing the necessary warmth. If clinkers form in a grate or stove, throw in a few handfuls of clam or oyster shells, and they will soon become so loosened as to be removed easily without injury to the fire-brick. This plan of managing a coal fire has been followed for years with entire success.

Two hard-wood staves from an old barrel, screwed upon a block of wood, make a very fair pair of clamps for holding leather while stitching. The top ends should be cut so that they will meet squarely, and the block leveled so that the pressure together at the top will be hard. Do not attempt to nail the staves to the block, for they do not hold as well as when screwed, and are very liable to split the pieces. By getting a shoemaker or a harnessmaker to instruct in the making of waxed-ends, the farmer or farmer's boys can keep the harness in good rig at all times, and the work may be done in good shape, as the old stitches make a guide. Use needles instead of bristles, and do the work by the kitchen stoves on rainy days and evenings when there is no particular hurry.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THERE are 12,600 periodicals taken at the British Museum.

THE payment of the national debt in cornstalks is an Indiana idea.

IT has been estimated that the great American nation smokes 5,168,000 segars a day.

MARYSVILLE, California, allows no boys to be seen on the street after eight o'clock.

THE shuffling style of dancing affected by many people is known in Parisian society as "floor polishing."

THERE arrived in San Francisco by rail during last year, 58,260 passengers, of whom 36,777 were emigrants.

ON the night of the opening of the new Paris Opera House, orchestra chairs sold for $200 each, and a small box for $2400.

THE total number of locomotive steam engines in the world is said to be 45,067, of which 14,223, or nearly one-third, are in the United States.

THE aggregate indebtedness of the Australasian Colonies of Great Britain has reached the large sum of two hundred and twenty million dollars.

A WESTERN editor asserts that it is "no use trying to publish a nonpareil newspaper in a long primer community," which will be readily understood by the initiated.

DIVORCES are not so frequent in England as one might suppose. At a rough estimate there are upwards of five millions married couples in that country, while the number of divorces in 1873 was but two hundred and fifteen.

IN THE CLOUDS.—The highest telegraph office in the world has lately been established by the Western Union Telegraph Company in the town of Alora, Colorado. This place is situated ten thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

ONE hundred years ago there were thirty-seven weekly newspapers published in the Colonies; not one daily. To-day there are over three hundred and fifty dailies published in the United States, while the number of weeklies is simply illimitable.

GIRLS should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brakemen. An enthusiastic member of that fraternity, on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train, found himself sitting up in bed, holding his wife by the ears, having twisted her head nearly off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

A FRENCHMAN is about opening an "hymenial academy" in Covington, Ky., at which young ladies will be taught marriage service, with all the proper sobs, sighs, and hysterics, in three easy lessons. A number of smitten young men in town are anxious that their sweethearts should be sent to that academy to learn how to say "yes" at the proper time.

IN Paris this year the fashion of having coronets or coats-of-arms engraved on visiting cards has been completely given up, but there is a tendency to increase the size of the cards, which are beginning to be a good deal used in lieu of note paper, when it is only needful to write a single sentence. Cards are also now frequently ornamented with a monogram.

ONE thousand cheeses, weighing from 300 to 600 pounds each, one weighing 1200 pounds, and one weighing 2200 pounds, were shipped from New York to England recently. This trade is yearly increasing, our exportations fairly driving the home article out of the market. There is scarcely a hamlet in England in which American cheese cannot be purchased at about half the price of the domestic.

THERE is a very curious fact mentioned by Catlin, who traveled in the West, and wrote two volumes on the Indians. He states that the calves of the buffalo, if they are caught, and the air from the lungs of a man is strongly breathed into their nostrils, will become so fascinated by that peculiar influence, that they will run after the horse of the hunter, and follow him five or six miles. It is said, and Mr. Catlin affirms it, that in Texas, or in other parts of the country where there are wild horses taken by the lasso, if the hunter, in taking hold of their nostrils, forcibly breathes into the nostrils of the horse, he will quietly follow him about and become perfectly tame.

ADVERTISING is fast being reduced to a science in Paris, and some of the methods used by tradesmen to direct attention to their wares are worthy the study of Barnum himself. The latest dodge recorded throws rhinoceros fights and lion hunts far in the shade. You are quietly walking along the boulevard, pensively meditating on life and your mother-in-law, when, suddenly, you are astonished by a kick from behind. You turn, and meet the impertinent gaze of a stranger. If you are a "man of honor," and most Frenchman are, you at once demand satisfaction. "Certainly," says the assailant, bowing coolly. "Your card, sir," you say, while your eyes burn with rage. "Here it is, sir," he responds, handing you a pasteboard. You look at the card, and are stupified to read something like this: "The largest stock of winter clothes can be seen at No. — —— street."

AMERICAN CUSTOMS.—A correspondent of the *Paris Figaro* describes some remarkable American customs which will be new to most of us. He says: "In winter evenings, when there comes up one of those dense fogs which are so common over in America, it is no unusual thing to meet in the streets a man carrying a lantern, which resembles one of our magic lanterns. He selects a frequented spot; and, when the crowd becomes dense around him, he turns his lantern towards the lowering clouds. At that instant, as if by a miracle, the bystanders behold in the midst of the heavens, which do duty for a curtain, a gigantic advertisement recommending some dry goods establishment or clothing store. The second example is more simple, but not less ingenious. One often passes on the street a citizen walking rapidly, and treading with all his weight on the sidewalk. You draw near, and, on the asphalt, in the trace left by the footprints of the personage in question, you read an advertisement, printed in clear and elegant characters. The man was a walking advertisement, and he wore shoes with nailed letters on the soles."

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Feb. 20, 1875.

Vol. 54, No. 30.—Contents.

First Page.
Poem—Kind words.
Gathering to Doom, Chapters V, VI.
Second Page.
Gathering to Doom, continued.
Poem—True As Love Could Make Her.
Plighted in Peril; or, The Lone Star of Texas, Chapters XXIX, XXX.
Reviewers.
Third Page.
The Blind Witness.
Receipts.
News or Interest.
Fourth Page.
Announcement.
First Love.
Jessie's Valentine.
Poem—A Love Song.
Love Rules.
Cinderella.
Fifth Page.
Fairies' Column—Paul
Stick to Your Bush.
Poem—The Dead Hope
For True Love's Sake; or, The Discarded Wife, Chapters XVI, XVII.
Sixth Page.
For True Love's Sake, continued.
Our Own Sphinx.
Facetiæ.
Poem—One of Many Dead Years.
An Old Man's Darling, Chapters XXV, XXVI.
Seventh Page.
An Old Man's Darling, continued.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
Poem—Come to Me, Darling.
Kidnapping a Robber.
Table Customs in Ancient Times.
Correspondents' Bureau.
Answers to all Inquirers.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

CHARON,

THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertzal, The Scout."

This fascinating Border Story is one that will be appreciated by all who love to read of startling adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

The generality of so-called Border Stories, describing scenes of Wild Western Life, are extravagant and unnatural, owing to their being written by authors who know nothing, personally, of the localities and the incidents which they endeavor to portray. In

CHARON, THE RED FOX,

the characters are true to nature, as Captain Carnes knows perfectly well what he is writing about, having spent many years of his adventurous life among the wild border scenes which he has so graphically depicted.

FIRST LOVE.

BY BELLE BREMER.

"Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed." I read that somewhere, and after mature deliberation I have come to the conclusion that it is a good thing for us that it is seldom. Now it's my opinion that there is a vast amount of sentiment and feeling wasted upon the subject of first love. I know by experience that the feeling is evanescent; it is like the "bubble on the wine, which breaks before you lift the glass."

Talk not to me of that first love; ten to one he was a lean, gawky youth, whose time and attentions were very much given to miraculous ties and an incipient moustache; and you would be ashamed to-day to own that over—even in your greenest days—you had cherished a predilection for so much verdancy. But la! you were not ashamed of your lank admirer when he used to come "sparking Sunday nights." Oh, no, you thought him a model of manly beauty and perfection in those days. And didn't you admire those auburn curls of his, and how you did hate Sarah Jane Smart, because you fancied she was sweet on your Adolphus!

How well I remember *my* salad days, and the time when my heart was first pierced by Cupid's dart. It was a pallid-haired youth who attended our exhibition, for whom my heart first fluttered; and soon I was completely under the influence of the little blind god, and felt that life would not be worth the flip of a copper without my Lysander. Well, after a spell of love's young dream, we parted—cause, incompatibility of *temper*. And do you ask me if I never give a sigh to that early love and bygone time? Never a sigh. My pulse beats just as evenly at sight of him as it would at sight of anybody else. I know that I ought to be sentimental and all that sort of thing about the first love, but it's simply an impossibility. It takes the romance out of the affair to confess it, but I cannot help it, the romance was over long ago.

Now, there are men and women in the world who never forget their first love. Sometimes they marry the object of their early attachment, and live happily ever afterward, as the fortune-tellers say; sometimes they break faith with them, and then they go through life sighing with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it might have been." Well, so it might—it might have been worse. I know it would have been worse with me if I had married the pallid-haired youth in the days of lang syne.

Home Duties.—The man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man, must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, a sister, or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience, a vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight, may all find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even a humble home.

A LOVE SONG

BY MRS. O. L. OBERHOLTZER.

I think of my Love with a dawning light,
I think of my Love at noon;
I think of my Love when the stars shine bright,
Or the gayest clouds festoon
My thoughts of my Love are as the sky,
Never can fade and never can die.

I think of my Love when the bugler spring
Blows his resurrection horn,
I think of my love when the blossoms cling
To summer's perfumed morn.
My thoughts of my Love are as the sky,
Never can fade and never can die.

I think of my Love when the Autumn hums
Her soft and low lullabies,
I think of my Love when the snow floats down
Like a dream of Paradise.
My thoughts of my Love are as the sky,
Never can fade and never can die.

I think of my Love roofed by day or night,
As the years their cycles make,
I think of my love as forever mine,
Though a leveller morn should break.
My thoughts of my Love are as the sky,
Never can fade and never can die.

LOVE RULES.

A PROVERB IN SIX SHORT CHAPTERS.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

I.

WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER.

Love rules after all—no matter what wiseacres say. He is a despot; but we are willing slaves. Sometimes he favors us beyond our deserts. Jacob Trott thought so—and he was right!

Jacob had been married a year—a whole year; and love, the king, smiled graciously. Jacob had no domestic strife, no bitterness in his cup; no civil war, as it were, in love's dominion. Nellie Trott never aspired to queenly rank and dignity—she was chancelloress of Jacob's exchequer—certainly, and Jacob said she was right careful of the finances.

Jacob loved Nellie dearly, and she loved Jacob faithfully. Young men "about to marry" mentioned their little home (incidentally of course), as the picture and very epitome of domestic bliss.

Young ladies (who wore engagement rings) asked Nellie (also incidentally), how she did contrive to keep Jacob in such good control! But he needed no controling, bless you. Jacob was a happy man, and Nellie a happy little wife.

But his happiest time of all—an intoxication of supreme delight, which can happen only once to any man—was when their first baby opened its astonished blue eyes, one morning very early—and closed them again immediately—as if it was uncertain whether this "mundane sphere" of ours was its proper halting place on the railroad of eternity.

Within twenty-four hours, all his friends knew of this happy circumstance. Men said "Jacob's crazed." Ladies worked elaborate pin-cushions, with "welcome little stranger," printed in silver-headed pins, in a design similar to the curious hodge podge of letters sometimes found in an advertising sheet.

"Little Nellie Trott"—Nellie, junior—was indeed made welcome; but there were children born upon that very day, and in that very hour, whose advent was marked by sorrow, not rejoicing. I wonder if the angel who brings their tiny souls, ever mistakes them on the way? I wonder if that is the "reason why" the good and virtuous are often poor, and—sometimes—*vice versa?*

Jacob had one regret, a very little one. He wished the blessed blue-eyed little darling "had only been a boy."

II.

ANOTHER STRANGER'S WELCOME.

A weary wanderer upon life's highway. A mere child in years, old in bitter experiences, seeking her humble lodging for the night.

Penniless, friendless and alone. "In New York?" you say!—"or London, probably?—but here! not here?"

Yet I say here, wherever "here" may be; there is no city in this world of ours, where tender women do not suffer silently.

The whole world revolves in days, and months, and years, and incidents. History repeats herself. Romance becomes history, and truthful history is nothing but romance. Perhaps, one day, we may all of us find our proper axis, and turn with the world, who knows?

This is a poor woman whose husband is at sea. Her name is Margaret Jayne. She is buffetted by the waves of life—waves much more spiteful, than the salt and treacherous ones, with which her husband combats manfully.

Her husband! Well, he may return soon, with the pay for nearly a whole year! Or, perhaps, he has found a resting place beneath those waves which seldom relent, but are cruel, to be kind.

And Margaret Jayne passes Jacob's cheery home, and hears the sounds of merriment and rejoicing, and sees the baby in its nurse's arms, and the crowd of matrons who handle it with interest, and she hears some one say, "Ah, Jacob wished for a son, but those wishes never come, bless you; do they? *Isn't* she like her father, though? Not much? Oh, don't say that!"

Margaret passes hastily, and wonders what any one will say about *her* child unborn! She passes onward to her dreary lodging, and is abused by the landlady, and wishes that she might die; and, in the middle of the night, a tiny wail is heard, and young Jayne reaches out a little soft hand to shake it with the world.

But the world shakes its head, not hands with such as he.

III.

EVIL—THAT GOOD MAY COME.

Two weeks roll by—little ripples in the ocean of time and eternity. Nellie Trott is a happier wife than ever before. Jacob knows it, and baby Nellie knows it, and all are happy, for love is still the king.

Margaret Jayne, turned away from her poor lodging, looks up wistfully at the window.

Her baby cries, for it is very cold, and night-time, too (little Nellie is asleep).

"God forgive me," she cries, "for what I am about to do. I cannot see my little darling perish with the cold."

She lays her baby gently at the door, looks at it for an instant, with sad, tear-dimmed eyes, covers it tenderly to shield it somewhat from the breeze; then she loudly rings the summoning bell and flees hastily.

After a brief interval, Jacob Trott, in dressing-gown and slippers, opens the hospitable door. He admits a gust of wind, and, at first, sees nothing. A cry from the feeble infant leads him to look down.

"Bless my soul," said Jacob, "what's this, not another child, surely!"

* * * * *

"Oh, Jacob!" said gentle Nellie Trott, hugging her own infant closely to her breast, "What will you do with the foundling, my dear? What an inhuman monster its mother must have been!"

"A boy, too!" was Jacob's half audible reply.

IV.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

What a wee little thing it was! How poorly dressed. How weak and helpless, too. Not half so large and strong as little Nellie, at least they thought so, but theirs were not quite impartial eyes, I fear.

What arguments they had. What long and serious discussions as to its possible name and origin. Then Jacob pondered seriously, suppose Nellie should grow jealous of this little waif? Such things had happened, and it was very strange that the child should be left at his door in that abrupt and curious way. Still he could not turn it out of doors—he could not send it away. There was so little clue to the child's identity, it almost seemed as if it was sent to him, because he had prayed so seriously for a son.

"My son he shall be," said Jacob, and Nellie said, "Yes, Jacob," and tears came into her eyes, not regretful ones, but tears of pity for the little one.

Then there was a fancy picture painted, mentally, in two persons' minds, of the children growing up together, loving each other tenderly, and of a time when Jacob, growing old, told the secret to the maiden and the youth. Then there was a sweet vision of a wedding, such a one as Nellie's and Jacob's had been, but there were two old people present, and I suppose these two were Nellie and Jacob Trott. How silly their dreamings were!

Meantime, a lonely shadow flits backward and foward in the street. Poor woman, she wishes she might die, wishes she had died with her infant in her arms. She looks up to the window where the light is, in Jacob's house. She sees the shadow of two infants on the blind, and then the walking shadow moves away, to haunt the silent street again to-morrow.

V.

RECLAIMED.

Out of little Nellie's ample wardrobe came forth fine linen for little Jacob. How differently the child looked when it was properly dressed. How much handsomer and larger and more like Nellie he seemed, and Nellie, senior, said so, while Jacob reddened suspiciously. He didn't want the child to be like Nellie. He didn't know what he wanted. He wished the baby hadn't come.

Then, gentle wife and mother as she was, Nellie reproved him tenderly. "For shame, Jacob," she said, "suppose it had been our Nellie's awful fate, and she had fallen among strangers, who would have hated or despised her." Her voice trembled so, she couldn't say more, but Jacob was convinced of his duty, and penitent already.

A day or two had passed, and the novelty of having two babies was wearing away.

A stranger came one evening unto Jacob's door a woman, miserably clad, pitifully poor.

Of course it was Margaret Jayne; she had haunted the place since she had parted with her child, as a criminal haunts the scene of murder, they say.

"Poor woman," said noble hearted Jacob Trott, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, give me back my child, for heaven's sake," the woman feebly whispered.

VI.

FINALE.

So "love rules" the poor and miserable, as well as the proud and rich! "Give me back my child for heaven's sake," cried poor, famished Margaret Jayne.

But when it was brought to her in Nellie's parlor she could not find the heart to take it. How like a king it looked, in its costly robe. How happy. How contented.

Perplexed and broken-hearted, Margaret wept.

Nellie soothed her tenderly, comforted her. Then the story was told—the old story of poverty and want, misery and madness.

Then Nellie took Jacob aside, and whispered the thought of her heart, "we have plenty, why not let her stay?

So Margaret was installed in the household of happy Nellie Trott. She was wonderfully useful, too. Never was such a housekeeper before, nor since; so saving, so respectful, so thoughtful and contented.

In time, when John Jayne, Margaret's husband, returned from sea, Nellie insisted upon his staying with his wife. He went to sea many times thereafter, and made many fortunes, for others, in maritime pursuits; but Margaret is happy during his absence, even, and the two children grew together, as Jacob's vision said.

Truly, in that household (and in yours and mine I hope), it is love, the king who rules.

An Objectless Life.—An objectless life! What is it but a life of misery. No being can be happy while leading it. He who leads it involuntarily, is to be commiserated. He who does it of choice is worthy to be despised. It is better far to wear out than to rust out. No amount of wealth can excuse a state of indolence in a healthy human being, in a world of activities like this. Every one should do something. He should do it for the benefit of others, if not for himself.

But fortunate it is that idleness vindicates nature's prescription of activity by the punishment it is sure to bring upon the idler, such as a dyspeptic stomach, flaccid muscles, and all the other consequences of blood that is stagnant, for lack of exercise, when it should be stimulating every organ, in its proper turn, to its legitimate functions in that system which has been truly pronounced fearfully and wonderfully made.

Let each one, then, have a life-object! Without this and the activities which it calls forth, he cannot expect to be either healthful or happy.

If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still never mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honeyed fruit at top.

It is not the great matters, the supreme joys, which fasten upon the human heart with such force, but the small interests and pleasures—the unnoticeable violets—from which the departure is so painful.

JESSIE'S VALENTINE.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Jessie Atherton stood, with her full red lips in a pout and a great deep frown on her broad forehead, looking out of the window sullenly, now and then tapping on the glass with her jeweled finger.

"There is no sense in it," she finally exclaimed, stamping her little foot, and allowing the frown over her brow to become still deeper.

"What is it there's no sense in, Jessie?" asked her grandmother, laying down her knitting to stir up the fire.

"Oh, I forgot you were in here, grandma."

"Well, tell me, Jessie, why you are pouting your lips so, and spoiling your countenance with those ugly frowns?"

"I am vexed with Guy Lincoln; men are so hateful."

"Umph! what has Guy been doing?"

"Asked me to marry him."

"Well, I knew he would sometimes—it's a good match, I'm glad—you will marry him."

"But I'm not going to marry him, grandma."

"What! why, Jessie, you didn't tell him so?"

"Yes, I did. I don't mean to marry him or any one else, there's no sense in it; and now he has spoiled everything. Here I was having such a nice time with him and the other boys, and just because I wouldn't consent to marry him, he must needs absent himself from my side altogether. Every sleigh-ride, every hop, every thing that takes place, he is with some one else, and I have to go with other boys all the time. It is real mean in Guy."

"You ought not to have refused Guy, Jessie, you may never have such another chance."

"I don't want another chance. I hope no one will ever ask me to marry them. It makes me feel real hateful—marry, indeed! Have no more fun, look only at one man, no more flirting, sweethearts, and nice times generally. Pshaw! it's all nonsense. I never will tie myself down, and it's hateful in Guy or any other man to expect it."

"Pooh! Jessie, you will never know what real happiness is until you are married. Wait till love comes to you—sooner or later it comes to every one—then you will be very willing to be tied down, as you term it."

"There comes the sleigh now," exclaimed Jessie, as the jingle of the bells was heard, and she put on her wrappings so as to be ready; then looking out of the window:

"Yes, there's Guy with Emma West again, and I've got to go with Charlie Gray. I'd a heap rather go with Guy." But she met Charlie at the door, and soon grandma saw the sleigh flying on.

"Pooh!" she said, "Jessie's in love now, only she has yet to find it out," and the old lady smiled, for the match was what she had long desired.

Jessie had been left to her charge at her father's death, her mother having died when Jessie was an infant. She was the only young person about the house, and, consequently, somewhat spoiled.

When she came back from the sleigh-ride, she told her grandma she didn't like sleigh-rides one bit, she didn't have any fun, and Guy just was polite.

The next day there was a skating-party. Jessie went, but again Guy was with Emma West. Jessie vowed she would never go skating again, it was the dullest place. Next took place a hop, and Guy only danced one set with her, and didn't once ask her to waltz, when he waltzed with Emma West and all the other girls.

Things went on so for weeks and weeks, when one day Jessie heard it rumored Guy and Miss West were to be married. She told her grandmother of it.

"Well, and what of it?" asked the old lady.

"I don't want him to marry her."

"I shouldn't think you would care whom he married. You wouldn't marry him."

"I'd—I'd rather marry him than see him marry any one else. I don't think he ought to want to marry;" and grandma saw a few tears trickle down her cheek.

"Young men are right for wanting to marry early," said grandma, not seeming to notice the tears or smothered sobs. "A wife gives them greater ambition—for the sake of a loving wife at home, a man will do the best that is in him. Marry early, and as you grow old you cultivate one another's tastes, every day each tries to please the other more. No, Guy showed good sense when he asked you to marry him."

"But it's all over now, grandma," and Jessie began to sob in earnest, while grandma consoled her as best she could.

Jessie could scarcely sleep for thinking of her unhappiness. She began to realize what she had thrown away. Too late she found out how much she did care for Guy.

"Oh, I can't bear it," she murmured. "Yet I can't help myself. I can't tell him I've changed my mind, for he may have done the same; but I don't believe he will marry Emma West; he couldn't forget me so soon."

The thirteenth of February rolled around, and found Jessie the unhappiest of the unhappy.

"I must do something," she said. "I'm too miserable to live. I must see him, yet I can't ask him to come. I'll send him a valentine, that's what I will do. Oh, I know, I'll just send him that little bunch of pressed lilies of the valley. He said long ago, if he was miles over the sea and I should send him—a—a—lily, he'd come to me in spite of everything, dear Guy—oh—oh."

To-morrow came, and a little pink envelope was put in the post office directed to Guy Lincoln. Jessie waited and watched, but no Guy. A dozen valentines found their way into Jessie's hands, but none bore the handwriting of Guy.

"Yes," she thought, as towards the close of the fourteenth she sat watching the fire, "he has forgotten me already; not two months have elapsed since he asked me to be his wife, and now not even a lily will bring him. I don't care," and she gave the fire a poke with a huge poker near, as if to prove the truth of her assertion.

"Jessie, dear," said grandma, coming in the room, "there's another valentine come for you."

"Where is it, let me see it?"

"I left it in the parlor window; first time you go in there, you can get it."

Jessie arose from her seat.

"I don't care for it, but I'll just see it. I despise valentines anyhow."

She went into the parlor, sending everything whirling that came in her way. She couldn't forgive Guy for not coming to her, and she was mad with chairs and all else. She stopped in the centre of the room.

"I've a mind not to look at it," she said; "likely as not 'tis something comic, ridiculing me for making myself miserable over a man that don't care a whit for me."

Nevertheless she stepped behind the curtain, and, to her surprise, she found herself clasped closely in the arms of Guy Lincoln.

"Oh, Guy!"

"I knew you would find it out, Jessie."

"Find out what, Guy?"

"That you loved me."

She lifted up her head.

"Yes," continued Guy, "when I took from the little envelope the simple pressed lily, I knew the truth. I only received it a moment ago, and came at once, crept behind the curtain, and told your grandma to tell you to come and get your valentine."

"Was I wrong to send the lily?" asked Jessie.

"Why, no. How was I to know the truth unless you gave me some sign?"

"I feared——"

"Fear nothing, my darling. You are mine now, mine forever. Tell me, shall my answer be the same when I ask again 'will you be my little wife?'"

"No! no! for I know now I love you."

"But, Jessie, marrying is such nonsense."

"Oh, no; I thought so until—until I heard you were going to marry Emma West——"

"Why, she's engaged to my cousin," he interrupted.

And at once Jessie saw her mistake, but she forgot there was more than one Mr. Lincoln when she heard the report that Miss West and Mr. Lincoln were to be married shortly.

"And, Jessie, you are willing to quit flirting, having sweethearts, and love only me?"

"Yes. I have been foolish. I can be happy with you, and never see another face save yours. The two months you have kept away from me are the only miserable days I ever passed."

"God bless my little wife that soon will be," he said, and as he pressed his lips to hers, grandma peeped in.

"How do you like your valentine, Jessie?"

"Oh, grandma, I'm so happy."

"I thought so," and the old lady's head disappeared.

Jessie and Guy were married, and Jessie says she never did receive a valentine that pleased her so well as the one she found that evening in the window.

CINDERELLA.

BY ERENE E. REXFORD.

Dear me! how disappointed I was when Aunt Diana told me that she couldn't possibly afford to buy me a new dress to wear to Mrs. Brand's party. I hadn't been anywhere all that winter, and I had got tired of staying at home, while the girls went everywhere, and enjoyed themselves so well.

And then Mrs. Brand was one of my best and dearest friends, and I knew I should enjoy a party there so much. I had quite set my heart on going. I didn't expect to have anything very nice to wear, but I wanted to look respectable, at least, and thought I could sit on one side and watch the beaux and belles, and perhaps chat a little with the few people I was acquainted with. But Aunt Diana said Lottie's dress cost so fearfully, and the set of pearls for Lucia were so extravagant in price, that her purse was completely drained.

She had promised me a blue silk, and had calculated to take my old white tarleton and make one of the most bewitching overskirts imaginable, and I knew a florist down town where I could get lilies of the valley to wear in my hair and on my breast. I didn't expect that I could outshine any of the belles, but I did think I would look more stylish in such a dress than any I had had for a long, long time, and I'm not ashamed to say that I like nice things. Perhaps I wouldn't care for them so much if I had more of them.

But I had just set my heart on having the new dress and going to that party, and then to have Aunt Diana use up all the money on her two girls was so provoking.

"You can have that silk of Lottie's to make over," she said, when she saw how disappointed I was.

"Thank you," I answered, indignantly; "I don't intend to wear anybody's old clothes. I prefer to stay at home."

And stay at home I did. The girls did nothing for a week before the party came off but talk about it, for it was to be *the* party of the season, and Mrs. Brand's brother was expected from Boston. He was getting to be well known as an author, and Mrs. Brand was never tired of talking about him. We had all read his poems, and I liked them so much that I wanted to see the man who wrote them. I had never met a real live author, and had an awe of one that had a good deal of fascination in it.

There was no use of thinking about it, after Aunt Diana concluded she couldn't get me the dress, and I tried to forget it. But I couldn't.

I cried a little when the night of the party came, and Aunt Diana and the girls drove off and left me alone. But that was a foolish thing to do, and pretty soon I wiped my eyes, and went into the parlor and began practising a new song. I had one thing to comfort me. Lottie and Lucia could have the new dresses, but they couldn't have my voice. I could sing well, and that was something they couldn't do.

I sang some of those sweet old Scotch songs, and had just finished "Roy's Wife," when some one rang the door-bell. The servants had gone off to some theatre, and I was all alone, so I had to go to the door.

"I must really beg your pardon for the liberty I am taking," said the gentleman who stood on the threshold, "but I heard you singing some of my favorite songs. I have been listening for half an hour, and I liked your singing so much that I concluded to make bold and come in, for it is too cold to make it very pleasant outdoors. I came to attend a party at my sister's, Mrs. Brand—perhaps you know her—but my trunk got lost somewhere on the road, and I cannot put in an appearance in this plight"—with a glance at his plain traveling-suit—"and, if the explanation I have given of my identity, and the reason I am here, is satisfactory, I would like to come in and listen."

Only to think of it. Lucia, and Lottie, and fifty other young ladies had gone to Mrs. Brand's to meet this very gentleman who was asking me to sing for him. There was something so novel and romantic about it, that I enjoyed it much better than I should have enjoyed an acquaintance formed in the usual way.

"Of course you may come in," I answered. "Mrs. Brand is one of my dearest friends, and she has told me about that famous brother of hers till she has quite excited my curiosity about him."

I wondered, while I was saying it, how I dared to talk so to a poet, but, somehow, I wasn't a particle afraid of him.

He followed me into the parlor, and made himself at home at once. I don't think I ever spent so happy an evening before in all my life. *I know* I never did.

I sang "Annie o' the Banks o' Dee," and "Robin Adair," for him, and he told me, in that earnest way of his that made me know that he meant every word of it, that he hadn't heard any one's singing for a long time that suited him as mine did.

And then we talked about books, and I was so glad that I had read the books he liked well enough to be able to talk about them. And after that he read me a new poem of his, one that had not been published. To think of that! I had the pleasure of hearing one of Robert Moulton's poems before any one else!

I was so glad I had stayed at home, for if I had gone, I should have missed this happy evening.

It was actually ten o'clock before he went away. We were both astonished to find it was so late.

"I must beg your pardon for staying so long, and for acting in such utter disregard of society rules," he said, when he was ready to go. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken the great liberty I did in coming in, but I don't regret it, if you don't."

"I have enjoyed the evening much better than I should have done if I had gone to the party," I answered.

"May I come again?" he asked.

"If you care to," I answered.

And then he said good night, and went away.

Aunt Diana is very particular about having everything done with regard to the customs and rules of society, and I was afraid she would be so shocked at the way in which we had ignored all formality in getting acquainted, that I didn't say anything to her about my visitor.

The very next afternoon we were in the sitting-room when Mrs. Brand drove up, and her brother was with her.

Dear! such a flutter the girls were in. But I wasn't disturbed in the least. I couldn't be afraid of him, if I tried.

Mrs. Brand introduced him to Aunt Diana and the girls, who went in first. I brought up the rear. When he saw me, he came forward with a smile, and held out his hand without waiting for an introduction.

"Miss Marsh and I have met before," he said, and then we laughed merrily at the mystified looks on the faces of the others. And then he proceeded to explain the mystery.

Aunt Diana looked very much shocked at the breach of etiquette we had been guilty of; but Mr. Moulton was a poet, and famous, and consequently such things could be overlooked on his part, and she was very gracious to him, as were the girls, who were disposed to be indignant at me, I could see well enough.

When he was gone I had to take a good scolding from all of them. Aunt Diana was shocked, and the girls were scandalized. What could he think of me?

The next day Lottie was sitting at the window, when some one drove up. She looked out at the jingle of the bells, and excitedly informed us that it was Mr. Moulton, with the loveliest turnout, and she knew he had come to take her or Lucia out riding. Both of them were full of excitement when he came in.

"I wish you would put on your wrap and take a drive with me this afternoon," he said to me, before them all after he had talked a little while.

"I shall be delighted to," I answered, and I know I looked pleased as any little child, and ran up stairs to get ready.

Oh! such a delightful afternoon as that was! The air was like a draught of rare wine, and I drank it in till my pulses beat in swift and happy measures, to the music of the bells, and the sweeter music of his voice.

When I came back the girls were looking glum enough, and Aunt Diana was cold and frigid as an iceberg. They considered that I was robbing them of what was their lawful prey.

One day Aunt Diana called me into the parlor, and began talking to me.

"I should like to know how much longer you are going to keep up this flirtation with Mr. Moulton," she said, sternly. "Everybody is talking about it. Here you are, a poor girl, and you go to operas and concerts, and driving with him, as if you considered yourself his equal. Of course, he hasn't the faintest idea of marrying you. You must expect people will talk."

"Let them," I answered. "I do consider myself Mr. Moulton's equal, and I think he does, for last night he asked me to be his wife, and I have his ring upon my finger now," and I held it up for Aunt Diana's inspection.

Dear me! I don't think I ever saw any one so completely taken down as Aunt Diana was. She hadn't a word to say.

The girls were awfully indignant at me, for I had won what they had hoped to win—a rich husband. But the kind of wealth they valued was that I cared for least. The wealth of heart and soul was the kind I prized, and I knew then, as I do now, that Robert Moulton had more of it than most men have. I have been his wife for a year, and no wife in all the land is happier than I am. I am queen in the realm of home, and my throne is the heart of a true and tender husband.

There are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect, namely, those who, from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings, the superior feelings predominate much over those common to men and animals.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

FAIRIES COLUMN
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

PAUL.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

One day Paul went out to catch a chicken, to make some soup for his mother, who was very ill. The chicken was a white one, and Paul's pet, because it was all he had. But he loved his mother dearly, and when somebody told him that she needed a bowl of nice chicken-broth, he went out at once to catch his little pet and kill it. Chicky had, however, no mind to be caught. It fluttered around the yard; it flew over the fence; it ran along the road; and, finally, it hid itself in the meadow.

"Very strange!" said Paul to himself. "It never ran away from me before. Any one would think it knew what I wanted of it."

But, as Chicky did not come back, Paul was obliged to go over in the meadow after it, where it was sitting, resting itself apparently; but, the instant that Paul approached, away it fluttered again, leading Paul further and further from home, till, at last, just as he had his hand on it—

"Hallos! What are you doing on my ground?" cried a great, gruff voice; and looking up, Paul saw a fierce-looking old man, with eyes like fire, and beard as white as snow.

"I eat everybody up that comes on my ground," said the old man, grinding his teeth at Paul. "So I suppose I shall have to eat you up, too."

"Oh, dear!" cried Paul, "if you eat me, what will my poor mother do? I wanted to kill my chicken and make her some chicken-broth; and how could I know that this was your ground?"

"That is your look-out," said the old man; "but, since your mother is ill, suppose I let you go home to her to-night, and carry her some of my soup"—pulling out a bowlful of broth from his pocket, which Paul thought a very queer place indeed. "If I let you go home, will you come back to-morrow morning, eh? Will you come back, eh?"

"I don't want to be eaten," thought Paul; "but, if I say no, he will eat me now, I suppose."

So he said yes, he would come back; and trudged home with a famous bowl of broth, smoking hot, but with a heart as heavy as lead.

His mother who little knew where he procured the broth, ate it greedily, declaring that it was the best she had ever tasted, and that she was sure it would make her well.

"That is a good thing," thought Paul, "since I am to be eaten up to-morrow."

He tried to find some way out of the scrape. It was so very disagreeable to be eaten alive; and he knew it would be of no use to run away, since he was sure, wherever he went, that the old man would find him.

While he sat thinking in this way, what should come strutting into the yard but the very chicken that, in running away from him, had been the cause of all his trouble.

"Ah, ha!" cried Chicky, "now we shall see how you will like to be killed and eaten yourself."

And it went crowing and clattering about the yard, till Paul was nearly crazy. Catching up the old man's bowl, he ran out to find him, and be killed at once.

"You are in a hurry," said the old man. "I am not ready for you yet. Suppose you chop some wood for me, and for every stick that you split, your mother will find a faggot in her barn."

"That is some comfort," said Paul.

Seizing the axe, he cut and chopped with all his might and main, till the wood was all split.

"Very good," said the old man. "Your mother won't freeze this winter. But I am not ready for you yet. Suppose you pick me some apples, and for every apple that you pick, your mother will find a new silver shilling in her strong-box."

"Dear me! if I were not to be eaten, how nice it would be!" said Paul, climbing the tree, and working away so fast, that, before long, he had a bushel-basket full.

"Now mother will have enough to last her all her life," thought Paul.

"Very good!" cried the old man, coming out to look. "Let me see! Suppose you milk my cow. That will set a little stream of water running through your mother's garden, and by that time I shall be ready."

"Yes, sir," said Paul; but he trembled so that he could hardly milk at all.

"Why don't you run away?" said the cow. "The gate is open."

"Yes," chirruped a sparrow, "and the old man is asleep."

"Yes," said the cat, "and he won't wake before an hour."

But, looking in some bushes close by, Paul saw the old man himself, listening to every word.

"No, I won't," said Paul. "What are you all deceiving me for? Can't I see the old man standing there?"

"Good! very good!" shouted the old man. "You are a boy of sense, and now you can go home. I never intended to eat you at all; but, if you had broken your word, and not come back to me, then you would not have had the wood, the silver, or the brook of water; and if you had listened to the cow, the cat, and the sparrow, instead of using your own eyes, then you would have lost this fairy penny, with which I am going to pay you for your work, and which will bring you good fortune."

So Paul went home as pleased as you may think, and found there the brook of water, the wood, and the money, as the old man had told him, and his mother wondering at them, and lived with her fortunate and happy; though I think that was quite as much because he was a good son, and willing to work, as because of the fairy penny which he kept for good luck.

THE brain of a child one year old, seen for the first time, resembles a large and superb camelia, with its ivory nerves, veined with delicate rosy traces, and elsewhere of a pale blue. We say "ivory" for want of a better term; it is an immaculate white.

HUMAN affections are the leaves, the foliage, of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!

Stick to Your Bush.

A rich man, in answer to the question how he became so very successful, recited the following story:

I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand and said, in a very gentle voice:

"Joseph, what are you going to do?"

"To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a good deal of time, and getting but very few blackberries."

I went and had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the newly-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a basketful of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe blackberries, and said:

"Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?"

He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of that blackberry party; I "stuck to my bush." When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one I thought might be a little better. When other young men said: "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head, and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

Look Out for the Rocks.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel, stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point, in many places, might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

An American gentleman was once, when a lad, sailing down East river, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersmen with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out, "Rocks!"

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go right over them."

The old man replied only by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way to death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden, and whenever you meet one, turn aside, for there a danger lies.

THE LOAF.—Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt, got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

THE DEAD HOPE.

BY MRS. L. C. HARDY.

Hush, do not speak to me yet, she said,
My heart is so stricken and dumb;
At midnight I buried my beautiful dead,
And the dawning has scarcely yet come.

At midnight I hopelessly crushed out its life,
And buried it deep from my sight,
Yet not without bitterest weeping and strife,
For it left only darkness and blight.

Only last eve, when the sunset was red,
I stood in a beautiful dream,
Watching the flickering glory o'er head,
And the river reflecting its gleam.

Likening this one precious hope of my life,
With its glorious fulfilment so nigh,
After such wailing, such longing and strife,
To the glory that flooded the sky.

But then in a moment 'twas torn from my heart
Dying out with the purpling light,
It seemed for a moment that life would depart,
For a moment I wished that it might.

But now I have buried it, nothing remains
Of the stately and beautiful dead;
And nothing of life but its losses and gains,
All beauty and brightness have fled.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

Some hours later, Nora found herself quite alone in the conservatory.

She was far enough from suspecting the plot against her peace and happiness. Upon Roland Dane she did not waste a second thought. To her he was simply her husband's guest. She had not the remotest idea of encouraging a flirtation with him. Indeed, she had scarcely observed his stealthy devotion to herself, her mind being occupied with other thoughts.

There were several things to disturb her equanimity, and so she had stolen away from the little gathering in the drawing-room that she might be quite by herself a few moments, and battle unobserved with the utter weariness that had come over her.

Dropping into a low seat among the flowers and ferns, her head fell upon her breast, her white, slender hands lay folded in her lap. And so she gave herself up to painful rumination.

Major Vaughn had spoken sharply, almost coldly to her. Within the past hour she had observed a change in his demeanor, imperceptible to all save the eye of love, but very patent to Nora herself. It was the first cloud upon the horizon of their married life.

"Why is it?" she sighed, drearily, trying all in vain to fix upon the cause of this change. "Am I doomed always to be unhappy where I love? Oh, my husband, I shall die if you are alienated from me!"

She wrung her hands in real anguish of spirit, wishing down deep in her heart that they had never come to Rosewood, if distrust and coldness were to rise between them there.

For another reason she would gladly have been away. She still feared Godfrey Vaughn. He had been calm and impassive enough, thus far. But how long would this quiet last? He might break through it at any moment, and a scandalous scene be the result.

"I will avoid him in every possible way," she thought. "It is my only hope. Above all things, I must avoid seeing him alone."

Just at this moment the sound of an approaching footstep fell upon her ear. She turned her head quickly, and saw the subject of her thoughts, Godfrey Vaughn himself, entering the conservatory.

With a quick gasp of terror Nora rose to her feet, and sprang towards a glass door opening into the garden. But Godfrey was too quick for her. Suspecting her design, he intercepted her flight, laying one hand heavily upon her arm.

"Why do you seek to shun me, Nora?" he said, in a reproachful tone, though his eyes burned balefully.

"I must go," she stammered, pale as ashes. "Please let me pass."

"You might give me a moment of your society, after all these weeks."

She trembled, and feebly essayed to break away from his hold.

"I beg that you will not detain me, Mr. Vaughn. I must go back to my guests. I must, indeed."

"You were not in such haste until I entered the conservatory," he said, bitterly. "Why do you not speak the truth, and say you are going on purpose to avoid an interview with me?"

She looked at him with fear and desperation in her gaze.

"So be it," she answered. "I do not wish to see you alone. Now let me pass."

He only tightened his hold upon her arm.

"That is a strange confession for my uncle's wife to make," said he, sneeringly. "You ought to be anxious to cultivate my acquaintance."

"I have seen quite enough of you already, Godfrey Vaughn."

All the old fire and spirit flashed out in that sentence. Her eyes blazed, and a vivid spot of scarlet burned in either cheek. She looked like an outraged queen, as she stood there confronting him.

Godfrey's blood was on fire. He looked at her, so surprisingly beautiful in her scorn and anger, and forgot revenge, honor, all that he ought most to have remembered, and fell upon his knees at her feet.

"Nora, I love you so—I love you so!" he cried, passionately clasping both her hands.

She recoiled from him with a gesture of utter loathing.

"Leave me!" she gasped.

"I love you," he went on. "I can forget and forgive everything, even yet. You have it in your power to make of me whatsoever you will. There is wickedness in my heart, and I know it. I am base and vile; but you can purify me with your love and devotion. You can be my good angel. You can lead my wandering feet into straighter paths. Will you do it?—oh, for God's sake! will you do it?"

No marble could have been whiter than her face, as she listened to this impassioned appeal. She shook from head to foot, and glanced all round, as if wishing the earth would open and swallow her up.

"How dare you!" she cried, faintly, tears coming into her eyes. "I cannot bear to be so insulted. I am your uncle's wife! Oh, my God! what have I done, that you should have the temerity to address such words to me? Shame, sir! shame!"

She wrenched her hands away from his hold, and hid her face in them, like the poor frightened creature she was.

At this instant footsteps sounded in the anteroom. Godfrey sprang to his feet with a muttered curse.

"There can be no medium way for us," he whispered, hurriedly. "It must be love or hate. I have warned you before—I warn you once again! If you choose to scorn me, it shall be war to the knife between us! Let it be your privilege to elect our future relations."

She did not answer. She could not. The approaching footsteps now sounded alarmingly near. Godfrey wrung her hand violently, sprang towards the glass doors, and passed quickly into the garden.

At the same instant Major Vaughn came in at the opposite entrance. He caught a glimpse of the vanishing figure, distinct enough to see it was a man's, but not to recognize it.

Then he turned angrily to his wife. He found her pale and trembling, struggling violently to regain her self-control.

"Who has been with you, Nora?" he demanded.

She was silent.

"Who has been with you?" he repeated, going up to her, and dropping a heavy hand upon her shoulder. "Speak! Was it Roland Dane?"

She gasped for breath once or twice, then found voice.

"Why should you think it was Mr. Dane?" making a pitiful attempt to speak gaily. "I hope you are not jealous of him?"

She forced a laugh. Major Vaughn wheeled her abruptly towards the light, where he could look straight into her eyes.

"You have not answered me, Nora?"

"Who else could it have been?" she faltered, at her wits' end.

Poor Nora. It seemed to her best to encourage his suspicion. She little dreamed that in that way she was playing into the hands of her determined enemies.

Anything was better than the truth, she thought, in her blindness. Major Vaughn must never be told that his nephew was the man she once had loved.

"Nobody, of course," the banker answered, suppressing a groan. "I saw him leave the drawing-room immediately after you quitted it."

"Our meeting here was quite accidental."

"Indeed!" he said, meaningly. He was too proud to reproach his wife, but he could not help knowing all was not as it should have been.

Nora's agitation could not be for nothing. The man who had disappeared so suddenly through the garden door, would have remained had his object in coming there been an innocent one.

Major Vaughn stepped quickly to the glass door, and looked out. As he did so, Roland Dane hastily crossed one of the garden paths, and disappeared in the shrubbery.

"God help me!" murmured the banker, huskily.

The agonized tone reached Nora's ears, but not the words. A quick fear smote her heart—had he seen Godfrey in the garden?

Obeying a sudden impulse, she sprang to his side, caught his hand eagerly, covering it with kisses and tears.

"My dear husband," she cried, pleadingly, "don't be harsh or cold with me. I cannot bear it. Indeed, I cannot!"

She clung to him in such love and anguish, that his heart was melted.

"My poor darling," he said, in a husky voice, as he tenderly stroked her hair. "God forbid that I should cause you a moment's useless pain. God forbid that I should treat you with aught save gentleness and forbearance."

Nora looked up at him gratefully, smiling through her tears.

"How good, how noble you are, Douglas. You have made me quite happy again."

He winced a little, as if some pain was still tugging at his heart.

"Shall I take you back to the drawing-room?" he said. "Your continued absence might occasion remark."

"Yes, take me back again," she shivered. "Would I had not come here at all!"

Major Vaughn's face was very grave as they went slowly back to join their guests.

"Roland Dane must be the man Nora once loved," he thought. "She did not tell me his name, but I am sure it must have been he. Poor Nora! Perhaps the old infatuation has not wholly died out of her heart. If it had, that meeting in the conservatory would not have distressed her so."

"Poor Nora," he said again, "I will be very gentle, very forbearing with her. I know it must be hard to meet her old lover here, and under such circumstances. I will not judge her too harshly. She will get over the pain and heartache, by-and-by, perhaps; and then she will be wholly mine—my own true, faithful, loving wife."

Thus reasoned this noble, whole-souled man. He would not even condescend to reproach Nora, or question her too closely in regard to the fact. As he had said, he meant to spare her as much as possible.

A little later, he stood in one of the deep window embrasures, after the lamps were lighted, when Rose came floating past, clinging to Godfrey's arm.

"Have you been watching Mrs. Vaughn and Roland Dane?" he heard her say, in a subdued voice. "I have; and I know all is not as it should be between them. It is positively disgraceful for her to flirt so outrageously with any man. I do hope Uncle Douglas has not observed it."

Then Rose and Godfrey passed on. Major Vaughn believed those words had been uttered in entire ignorance of his proximity. But, of course, he was mistaken. They were intended expressly for his ears.

"My God," he muttered, wiping the cold beads from his forehead. "Has it come to this? Have others begun to watch and suspect? Then, indeed, matters must be worse than I had thought. But, patience—patience. I must bear my lot meekly. It will all come right in the end—I am sure of it."

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT IN THE STORM.

Several quiet, uneventful days went by.

Eugene Lennox and Roland Dane still remained at Rosewood as invited guests.

Roland's devotion to Nora Vaughn was now patent to everybody. His eyes followed her wherever she went, in a longing, wishful way not to be mistaken. He anticipated every wish more eagerly than ever; he seemed content to bask in the sunshine of her presence, and would sit for moments quite motionless, watching her, as if this constituted his greatest delight; he seemed scarcely to have a thought or care for anybody else.

There was something silent, secret, stealthy, in his devotion, that struck a chill to more hearts than one.

Nora seemed conscious of it, to a certain extent. Instead of talking and mingling with him freely, as she had done that first evening, there was a sort of restraint in her manner towards him. She studiously avoided *tete-a-tetes*, and never addressed him directly unless courtesy compelled her so to do.

"I'm afraid I foolishly made my husband jealous of him," was her thought. "But I did it to shield Godfrey. Now Douglas shall see that I do not care a rush for Roland Dane. As if anybody could alienate my love from himself?"

A wave of crimson swept over her face at the very thought. If she had married Major Vaughn without caring for him very deeply, all that was past. Now, he had the entire devotion of her grateful heart.

But a certain restraint had come into her manner towards her husband—a studied coldness, the result of Major Vaughn's changed demeanor towards herself. She knew that he was unhappy, that she had displeased him in some way, but, conscious of her own innocence of any wish to give offence, she waited for him to offer an explanation, being too proud to sue for one herself.

She waited in vain; and so day by day, the gulf between husband and wife widened and deepened.

Had either one of the twain conquered the foolish pride that kept them silent, all would have been well, and the machinations of Nora's enemies would have fallen harmlessly to the ground.

But this silence fostered every jealous or resentful feeling. Nora fancied that her husband might be regretting his hasty marriage, or had tired of her already, and was taking this means to let her know it.

As for the banker himself, he tried hard to be patient and generous. But no intense love can exist without a tendency to jealousy. He could not help it that his heart was wrung daily and hourly, while Roland was beneath his roof, sedulously as his wife seemed to avoid him.

Nora sat in her dainty boudoir—an exquisite apartment flushed in blue and silver—one hot, stirless day, when she saw Janet Conway ride slowly down the avenue, on the back of a powerful, coal-black horse.

"Janet has taken Emperor—the most vicious horse in my husband's stable," she murmured in some surprise. "How could she be so foolish, especially if she is going to ride alone?"

She drew away from the window soon afterwards, too weary and listless to think much upon the subject. Her head ached, and there was a gnawing pain at her heart, caused by the banker's unaccountable coldness. She could not long dwell upon any subject save her own unhappiness.

Throwing herself upon a silken couch, she drew the curtains about her, and sobbed herself to sleep, like a tired child.

The room was quite dark when she awoke. She sprang quickly to her feet, wondering if it could be night already. One glance from the window betrayed the cause of the sudden darkness, however.

All the western heaven was one mass of lurid blackness.

"A terrible tempest is coming up!" she cried, in real alarm.

Springing to the bell-rope, she rang a sharp, sudden peal. One of the maids entered, almost instantly.

"Is Miss Conway back again?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the maid.

Nora caught her breath sharply. She felt her very lips grow white.

"Are you sure—sure?" she eagerly exclaimed.

"Yes, ma'am. I was just speaking of it with the coachman. He says it will be bad for Miss Conway if she is caught out in the tempest with that horse."

For an instant Nora stood speechless and still. The steady tramp, tramp, tramp of a heavy step came up from the long verandah. Who was walking there so restlessly?

She darted down the broad staircase. At the door Eugene Lennox confronted her. She caught hold of his sleeve almost frantically.

"Janet!" she panted, pointing with wide open eyes down the avenue.

Lennox changed color.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What has happened to Miss Conway?"

"She is out riding quite by herself. She took Emperor."

Lennox's face and lips grew white.

"Is not the horse safe?" he demanded.

"He is perfectly unmanageable in a thunder shower. I am sure Janet does not know it. Oh, just heaven, she will be killed."

Lennox waited to hear no more. He swung on his heel and was gone. Three minutes later, Nora saw him dashing like mad down the avenue.

"God grant that he may be in season to save her!" she murmured.

On and on dashed Lennox, urging the noble animal he bestrode to the top of his speed. Nearer and nearer swooped the tempest bellying black as it came. Suddenly there came a blinding flash, and a long, loud, reverberating peal of thunder shook the earth to its very centre.

It had scarcely died away when Lennox's quick ear caught the thud of hoof beats on the hard, pebbly road. A moment later, Emperor shot into view, tearing like mad down a long, level slide, straight towards him.

His heart gave one great bound, then stood still again; for he caught the flutter of Janet's sweeping black robes, the flash of her scarlet plumes, and saw indistinctly, like one in a dream, a pale set face, with wide open, glaring eyes, and bloodless lips.

He saw at a glance that she had lost all control over the frightened beast.

He slid from his horse and braced himself for the shock, for he could not see her carried by to her death, whatever the risk to himself. It came soon enough. He caught at the flying bridle, felt himself dragged in the dust with those iron hoofs striking revengefully at his breast. Then, with one superhuman effort he was on his feet again, had caught Janet from the saddle, and was holding her in his arms, dropping some very childlike tears upon her face.

"Oh, my love, my life!" he cried, the words wrung from him by some power beyond himself. "Thank God, you are spared to me!"

She lay like one dead in his embrace. By this time the rain was beginning to fall in great, pattering drops. There came a great rush and roar, as if all the fiends of the air had suddenly been let loose.

Lennox glanced hastily all round for a shelter. At a little distance were some shelving rocks, and thither he bore his half-unconscious burden.

He sat down upon a pile of dead leaves, still holding her close to his heart. In that awful moment, he read his own soul as he might never have under other circumstances. He knew that a strong, deathless passion for this woman had awakened into life in his breast.

It was disloyalty to Rose, and he knew it. But he could not have changed the fact if he would.

Janet slowly unclosed her eyes. "Oh, where am I?" she murmured.

Then it all seemed to come back to her. She remembered her fright, her deadly peril. Throwing up both her arms, she clasped them convulsively about his neck.

"Safe, safe!" she cried.

He held her closer yet, a strange thrill running all over him.

"Yes, you are safe, my darling. I think it would have killed me, too, if anything had happened to you."

His hot breath was upon her cheek, his tender endearments in her ear. For a moment she lay quite still, thrilled with a love that held not a single shadow.

Then recollection returned. He was the promised husband of another woman. She drew suddenly away from him, her pale face crimsoning with shame.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "what have I done?"

"Nothing for which you need reproach yourself," he said, soothingly. "Do not turn away from me like that."

She crouched into the farthest corner, wishing the earth would open, or the thunderbolts of heaven shiver those rocks and bury her underneath the fragments. Oh, how guilty, how vile and mean she felt! She grew hot and cold by turns. She looked upon herself as little better than a culprit. Had she not stolen this man's love from its allegiance?

"No, no, no," she cried, hysterically, covering her burning face with both hands. "God knows I meant no wrong. I would die sooner than wrong a living soul."

Lennox drew nearer, and gently removed her hands. She did not look at him, but she knew his face and lips were white. He said:

"Janet, be frank with me for just this hour. You love me?"

She would not answer; but her horrified look revealed her secret.

"Thank God!" he said, almost wildly. "Whatever pain or trial the future may hold in store for me, I have the comfort of knowing your heart is all my own."

His tone was full of rapture. She caught its sweet cadences, and shuddered visibly.

"Think of Rose," she gasped.

A change swept over his face.

"Fool that I was to promise myself to her. The whole love of my heart belongs to you alone."

She sat upright, looking at him steadily, for the first time. There were firm lines about her mouth, a deathless determination in her face.

"You must be true to her," she said. "You *shall* be!"

"Rose does not love me as you can love."

"No matter. She is your promised wife. I will never come between you."

A groan burst from him.

"You are right," he said, after a pause. "I must marry her. But oh, my God! what misery it will entail upon both of us?"

She did not answer. She felt herself tremble and grow faint. She was so weak, so womanish. She feared her own strength—it was so hard to resist him—so hard to turn away from love and happiness when they were once within her grasp.

She had secretly loved this man so long, so very long, hiding her own pain and anguish, content if she might see him only now and then, or hear the music of his voice. Would it be any easier for her, hereafter?

She leaned her head against the cold, hard rock, her tears falling fast. "Oh, misery, misery!" she moaned, in a broken voice.

Lennox drew nearer again. He longed to fold her in his arms, but dared not. He could not even comfort her.

"Must we make a ruin of our lives because of a mistake?" he said. "Rose would never break her heart for me. I believe she loves another better. It is my wealth and position that tempt her. Is it right we should sacrifice ourselves for such a woman?"

"Hush!" she cried, sternly. "We cannot even be friends unless you are silent. Is honor nothing? Is your plighted word of no effect?"

He staggered back as if he had received a blow. Her words seemed to arouse him to himself again.

A silence fell. The storm was raging furiously about their place of shelter. The thunder roared incessantly, the rain fell in torrents. It grew so dark they could scarcely see each other's faces.

Janet kept hers hidden, for the most part, in spite of the gloom. She was crying quietly, such tears of utter misery and heart-break as are scarcely shed more than once in a lifetime.

At last the storm swept shrieking past. A patch of blue glimmered over head. Lennox stepped out upon the wet and sodden grass.

"We can go home now," he said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

He did not look at her, it seemed as if he could not trust himself to do that, but went swiftly in search of his horse, which he found under a clump of trees near the roadside. Emperor was nowhere to be seen.

"You will be compelled to ride my horse back to Rosewood," he said, returning to Janet.

He led her out, and lifted her into the saddle, walking on beside her, very grave and silent.

Rose was standing at the hall window, and saw them come up the avenue together, in this way. A slight frown contracted her lovely brow. She knew, as if by instinct, that something unusual had occurred.

"I wonder if Eugene has been making love to Janet?" she said, to herself, in a low, mocking voice. "Not that it matters very much, for I shall not give him up to her, unless," with a wicked contraction of the muscles about her mouth,

"I can better myself by letting him go. Whether I can or not depends upon the success that awaits Roland's pet schemes. He does not often fail—will he, when love and ease lie in the balance?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MESHES TIGHTEN.

Eugene Lennox and Janet were not the only persons exposed to that pitiless tempest.

Nora could not remain quiet and impassive, even after speeding Lennox to Janet's assistance. She paced the floor with a restless, nervous motion, images of Janet lying stark and stiff in the road, coming up continually before her mental vision.

"I cannot endure this uncertainty," she cried out, at last. "I must go, too, or I shall not feel assured of the dear girl's safety."

Major Vaughn was not in the house, so she could not appeal to him in this emergency.

Roland Dane sat in the library, looking over the morning papers; but he was the last person to whom she would have willingly gone in her distress.

Stepping into the hall, her mind fully made up, she there encountered one of the servants.

"Have my horse brought round as quickly as possible, James," she said to him.

The man looked surprised, but hurried away to perform her bidding.

Nora did not wait to don her habit. Hastily throwing a scarf over her shoulders, she put on her hat, and was ready.

Down the long avenue she tore, on a keen gallop. She knew the tempest must break directly, and she wished to find Janet before the storm was upon them.

A deafening roar of thunder startled her a little; but she rode bravely onward. Presently the thunder of hoof-beats sounded up the road, and Emperor tore past, rideless.

Her heart stood still with apprehension. Now, she had no thought but to go on, and learn the worst. She thought Emperor had emerged from a nearly disused road, branching off to the left. She took this road without a moment's hesitation.

Ten minutes more were on, and still no signs of Janet or Mr. Lennox. The road looked lonely and wild. Great trees shut it in entirely, here and there. At the foot of a hill, straight before her, stood a ruined smithy, its doorless entrance gaping wide.

The sky had grown frightfully black, with the lurid banner of the coming tempest. Presently a few great drops of rain fell pattering upon the leaves and blades of grass.

Nora paused in dire dismay. As she did so, borne to her ears along the road by which she had come, was the sound of hoof-beats in a mad gallop. Horse and rider shot suddenly into view, dashed up, and halted beside her.

It was Roland Dane, with his handsome face flushed, and a lurid glow in his light blue eyes.

"You?" she exclaimed, facing him abruptly.

He bowed his head.

"Why did you follow me?"

"I could not see you depart on this mad mission alone."

He put out his hand as he spoke, and grasped her bridle rein. "Come, we must not linger here, Mrs. Vaughn," he said, in a commanding tone. "You will be drenched to the skin."

He dashed into the ruined smithy, keeping Nora's horse close beside his own. They had scarcely gained this friendly shelter ere the storm burst in all its fury.

For some minutes not a word more was spoken. Nora sat with her face half hidden in the flowing mane of her horse, shivering visibly as she listened to the loud roar of the tempest.

Suddenly came a realising sense of her situation. Here she was, out in this fearful tempest, alone with the man of whom her husband was so absurdly jealous! A moan she could not wholly repress, broke from her lips at the thought.

Roland heard it and glanced round at her. Something in his face told her he guessed what was passing in her mind.

"Oh, why did you follow me?" she cried, wildly wringing her hands. "Go, go, this instant. Leave me to brave the tempest alone."

He looked shocked and hurt.

"Surely you would not drive me out in this pitiless rain? You are not so cruel?"

"The world is more pitiless than the storm," she moaned, wondering, with a sickening fear at her heart, how she could ever convince Major Vaughn of her innocence.

Roland drew nearer, gazing steadfastly into her averted face.

"You ask why I followed you," said he. "Another man might tell you out of blind, infatuated love, for you are a very charming woman, Nora Vaughn. But I have no wish to deceive. Mine was another motive."

"Silence!" she cried. "Your motives are nothing to me. It is enough, and more than enough that you are here."

He folded his arms across his breast, smiling placidly.

"I'm afraid you bear me no great affection, Mrs. Vaughn."

"I hate you!" she broke out, impetuously.

Another smile, more sinister than the first, curled his thin lips.

"Yes," he said, "I believe you do hate me. This is the reward I get for my abject devotion, my wasted adoration at your shrine. You might have made me your slave, your puppet, your more than bondman, had you been so disposed. But you chose to scorn my homage, to turn away from it indifferently. It is well, perhaps better, for us both."

"What do you mean?" she cried, sharply. "I never dreamed of loving you. I do not even look upon you as my friend."

"I *might* have been your friend," he said, significantly.

A shudder ran all over her. "What are you?" her pale lips unclosed to ask.

"What you have made me—your enemy."

She started at the words. Like a flash the truth broke upon her mind—the treacherous part he was playing.

"I see it all," she exclaimed. "You are trying to ruin me in my husband's estimation! That is the secret of your pretended devotion. That is why you have hovered around me so constantly. That is why you have been to me like my shadow, all these weary days!"

"Yes, Mrs. Vaughn, you have guessed the truth."

She recoiled from him in disgust and abhorrence too deep for words.

"Oh, villain! villain!" she murmured, faintly. "What have I done that you should seek to injure me so irreparably?"

"It would not serve you in the least to learn my motives."

"You shall never succeed in your designs. The instant I reach Rosewood, I shall denounce you to my husband as the heartless villain you have confessed yourself."

He looked round at her with a sneer.

"I would not advise you to pursue any such course, Mrs. Vaughn. Your husband might doubt your word when he discovered that we had been out in the storm together. He might be led to think you wished to screen some darker guilt by such a denunciation."

He was right, and she felt it through all the pores of her being. A wild despair seized upon her shuddering spirit. She turned moaningly away. The meshes of a fatal web seemed slowly and surely to be encompassing her.

In vain did she strive to conjecture why Roland Dane was so firmly bent upon compassing her ruin. She could conceive no reason for the course he had taken. Only, she felt assured, it was one long, well-calculated step towards his dastardly scheme when he had followed her from Rosewood, less than an hour before. He knew very well how such a movement on his part would look in the eyes of the world—more especially in the eyes of Major Vaughn.

But she scorned to question him further. Averting her face, she sat fixed and rigid as a statue, while the tempest spent its force, no moan, no quiver of the pale lips, telling her companion the depths of despair into which she had fallen.

The instant the rain was over, she guided her horse into the road again. Roland Dane was by her side, however, before she had advanced half a dozen yards from the ruined smithy.

"Do not imagine I shall be so ungallant as to suffer you to ride back to Rosewood alone," he said, with a low, mocking laugh.

Disdaining an answer, she gave her horse a vicious blow with the riding-whip. But if she hoped to leave Roland behind by this means, she was doomed to disappointment. He kept resolutely at her elbow, his pale, leering face turned continually upon her.

Major Vaughn was striding up and down the long verandah when they reached Rosewood. He advanced to meet them, the instant they alighted, white with anguish and jealous rage.

"How long is it since you constituted yourself my wife's protector?" he demanded, angrily, of Roland Dane.

"I could not see Mrs. Vaughn ride out in the face of the coming tempest unattended," was the calm reply.

"Humph!" The banker swung upon his heel, drawing Nora's arm within his own.

"Come," he said, almost harshly. "This is no place for you—or that man's society such as you should covet."

He led her up stairs to her own dressing-room. The instant the door was closed, he turned and looked her steadfastly in the face.

"I feel compelled to demand an explanation," he said, in a low, deep tone. "Why were you out alone with that villain, in the storm? Answer me truly, if you please."

He had never spoken so harshly, or looked at her like that. Nora gave way utterly, before his anger, and fell on her knees at his feet, sobbing and wringing her hands hysterically.

"The fault was not mine," she moaned. "Oh, Douglas, for the love of heaven, believe me. I hate that unprincipled wretch! He is only here to work me ill! Could I help it that he followed me, and thrust his odious presence upon me?"

"Then your mad expedition was not premeditated, agreed upon between your two selves?"

There was mockery in the question, but Nora felt too utterly wretched to resent it.

"No, no, no," she cried. "I was anxious about Janet. You know Emperor is afraid of thunder. She was out alone, and I went to find her."

An incredulous smile curled the banker's lips.

"Janet has not returned, as yet. How does it happen that you come back without her?"

Nora's heart seemed to die within her at his evident disbelief.

"I must have taken the wrong road," she faltered.

"Mr. Dane was alike unfortunate. He, too, took the wrong road. Strange, is it not?"

"Oh, Douglas, why will you mock me? Where have your love, your confidence vanished? What have I done that you should turn away from me like this?"

He was silent a moment, and stood looking down at her, pale and trembling. Her pleading cry pierced like a dagger to his heart, but he steeled it against her.

"Rise," he said, coldly. "Nay, I would rather not hear another word," for she was making an effort to tell him of Roland's infamous confession. "I cannot forget that you are young and thoughtless, and—my wife. Therefore, I shall deal leniently with you. Give me no cause to reproach you in the future, and the madness of to-day shall be forgotten. Of course I cannot trust you at once—you will not expect that. My confidence will be restored when you have proven yourself worthy of it. You ought to be thankful that I do not thrust you out for the world to sneer at, as it is."

Nora rose to her feet, her graceful figure drawn up to its fullest height.

"You are cruel—relentless as death," she cried, passionately, and turned from him without another word, too deeply outraged to seek further exculpation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE APPLE TREES AND TULIP.—A gardener had a splendid tulip, the pride of his grounds, which he tended with parental pride. On a sudden a violent hailstorm arose, which beat down all his plants, and destroyed, in an hour, all the promise of the year. As soon as it was over, disregarding everything else, he ran to his beloved tulip; and, when he found it shattered to pieces, broke out into loud lamenting. An apple tree, which stood near, shorn of its leaves and blossoms, overheard him, and answered, angrily, "Dost thou mourn for the loss of an empty bauble, and yet hast no tears for my ruin—I, who supplied thee with fruit, and helped to sustain thy family?" So is it with men: to petty evils they are sensitive, to great calamities indifferent.

FACETIÆ

SCENE OF THE DRAMMER—A barroom.

SHIFTING THE "RESPONSIBILITY."—Dressing the baby.

MOCK TURTLE.—Kissing before company and fighting afterward.

A YOUNG fellow in San Francisco, suddenly snatched a kiss from a lady friend, and then excused his conduct by saying that it was a sort of temporary insanity that now and then came upon him. When he arose to take his leave the pitying damsel said to him: "If ever you feel any more such fits coming on you had better come right here, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

KATE writes from Brooklyn to say, that she has discovered how kissing may be utilized as an adjunct to the kitchen. She called upon a young married couple, recently, who were about to boil some eggs for lunch, and who having no timepiece at hand, calculated that one kiss took two seconds, making thirty to the minute, so that ninety kisses (three minutes) just turned out the eggs to their taste.

A REGULAR STUNNER.—This item is especially for the benefit of husbands, and wives will please skip it. If you go to a dentist to have a tooth pulled, you shouldn't take your wife along, not if you intend to take laughing gas. A citizen of Detroit was foolish enough to have his wife accompany him, and when the gas took effect, he exclaimed: "She's a regular stunner, Jim, and I'm to call on her to-morrow night!" What followed is too painful for publication. Let us drop the curtain.

TAKING A MUSIC-LESSON AT SECOND-HAND.—Our dismal man does not imagine he will violate the sanctity of private life, and things, in reproducing a conversation to which he was an amused listener. He, the dismal man, was waiting in a friend's library for the servant to announce his presence, when, from an adjoining room, came the jingle-jingle of a piano and the sound of voices.

"Vot note you call zat, eh?"

"Minim."

"Moe-num; vera good. Now vot you call him viz ze black face?"

"Crotchet."

"Cro-shay? Ah! tres-bien. Now vot you call him viz ze tail?"

"Quaver."

"Queevre? Ah! de mieux en mieux. Now, madame, you see zee meenum go twice as fast as semibrace, de cro-shay, and sofor. Now, vot you call him?"

"Those are semiquavers tied."

"Bon! Now him?"

"Demisemiquavers tied."

"An' him."

"Semidemisemiquavers."

"Oui. Now, madame, you see if you tie ze cro-shay, he will go twice as fass as himself. Comprenez-vous? He is de queevre. If you tie him leetle more, den he will go more fass as ze queevre; he is ze semiquevre. If you tie him once, twice, three times more—ay, ze beaucoup, more as you tie him, ze fasser he will go. Bime-by he will kick ze semiquee-vre to ze diable, he will go so fass. Eh? You see?"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters:
My 3, 7, 3 is part of the human body,
My 13, 8, 14, 3 is also a part of the human body.
My 1, 5, 4, 3 is a story.
My 10, 3, 5, 9 belongs to a tree.
My 1, 12, 3 is a part of the body.
My 2, 5, 12, 6 is another part of the body.
My 4, 11, 5 is used in cleaning houses.
My whole is the name of a well known play.

LITTLE ONE.

A "NOVEL" ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters:
My 1, 2, 15, 21, 10, 22, 14, 2, 11, 37, 8, 17 is a novel by Charles Dickens.
My 5, 34, 18, 2, 28, 15, 12, 31, 20, 24, 16, 13, 5, 44, 20, 32, 27, 28, 13, 30, 31 is a novel by Charles Dickens.
My 6, 41, 30, 3, 19, 2, 10 is one of the Waverly novels.
My 15, 13, 28, 10, 23, 30, 44, 4, 26, 42, 15 is a novel by George Sand.
My 18, 13, 14, 5, 1, 16, 25, 26, 36, 26, 7, is a novel by Victor Hugo.
My 19, 2, 20, 38, 36, 21, 22, 35, 19, 42, 18, 19, 5, 31, 20, 19, 32, 38, 44, 43 is a novel by J. Sheridan Le Fanu.
My 25, 40, 31, 44, 10, 9, 35, 45, 3, 19, 8, 44, 34 is a novel by John S. Sauzade.
My whole is a popular novel and its author.

GARNER.

SHAKESPEREAN DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In daylight I'm ever the first to appear.
2. By Quakers I'm used, an affirmative queer.
3. To me desert roamers press forward, elated.
4. What we shall all end in if we are "cremated."
5. Of wild ancient Britons a king I'm reputed.
6. A scheme by the "Reds" of fair Paris once mooted.
7. A popular actor—none greater in fame:
   His drolleries lend such a charm to his name.
8. A laboring insect, of energy great.
9. I'm never in Church, but found always in State.

The *centrals*, read downwards, a lady will give,
Immortal, whose name long as Shakespeare's will live;
Read *crosswise*, ye riddlers, the letters portray
A really delightful Shakesperian play.

ROMEO.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 33.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 27, Vol. 34.

ANAGRAMS ON AUTHORS.—1. George Augustus Sala. 2. James Greenwood. 3. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 4. Mary E. Braddon. 5. Wilkie Collins. 6. Mrs. Henry Wood. 7. Artemus Ward. 8. George Eliot. 9. Anthony Trollope. 10. Mark Lemon. 11. Charles Kingsley.

NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLES.—1. Voice. 2. Woman. 3. Olive. 4. Clock.

ENIGMA.—Charles Wurm.

ONE OF MANY DEAD YEARS.

BY JOHN JAMES PLATT.

Into the coffin of the unburied year
I gaze. Lo! men with muffled brows go by,
Funeral-clothed and silent all, while I
Have him alone here on his waiting bier
In my hushed room. Far bells are tolling slow.
Down the wide city—slow and drearily;
But other bells are tolling slow in me.
Here, friends, our friend lies. Whither do they go?
They have him coffined, too! I gaze and gaze.
Death has not breathed his beauty all away—
An angel twilight folded, shadow-hid
In the dusk age of life's departed day.
The soul that came from Heaven into his face,
My heart's the coffin. Memory, close the lid.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

He looks at the small face, at the large, calm eyes. They seem to stare straight back at him. Not an eyelash quivers; the lid never falls.

"How old is the child, Nellie?" he asks, totally forgetful of the circumstances regarding its birth.

She tells him, with some wonder at the question and his manner.

Old Mrs. Phœbe looks at him steadily. Her ruddy cheeks are now pale. Can it be possible that the vague doubts in the doctor's mind answer to some awful fears of her own—fears which she could not bring herself to acknowledge, but has heretofore hidden in her own brave breast?

The doctor carries the child to the window. He makes some awkward signs over it with his hands; he opens the white lids, and then shuts them; he waves his handkerchief over the tiny face. The blue eyes do not even blink. The doctor's face grows even more stern and grave. There is a slight pallor about his lips as he looks at the young mother by his side. Old Phœbe drops her face on her hands with something like a groan.

"What is it? oh, what is it?" cries Nellie, catching a sudden alarm from their looks.

But before he can answer, baby, tired of such pantomime, begins to cry. She catches at him hurriedly, and, forgetting her fears, begins to soothe him.

The child stares up at her for a few moments, then it clutches its great fair limbs, and the white eyelids fall slowly down over that unwavering upward look.

When Nellie goes back to the outer room, Mrs. Phœbe and the doctor are standing together by the fire. His face is serious; hers, too, and shining with still softly dropping tears.

"It is better to tell her the truth at once," the doctor is saying, "in order that she may let her husband know. It would be cruel to keep it from him now."

The words, the looks, the manner of the two strike Nellie with a sense of disaster. They awake in her heart a terrible fear.

She looks from one to the other. Her pale lips quiver.

"What is it?" she cries. "Tell me, what is it that you are keeping from me? What has happened?"

Dr. Peachbloom looks at the old lady, but she shakes her head. Then he goes up to Nellie. He takes her hands in his, and folds them tenderly together as if in prayer.

"We have thought it best to tell you," he says, with a broken voice. "It is better that you should tell your husband, too; you will need to go to him for comfort, for help, now. He will help you as no other living person can, in this great trial, for, Nellie, your baby is blind!"

She looks at him with wide, wild eyes.

"Blind! blind!" she whispers, in a terrible voice.

She wavers—reaches out her trembling hands, groping.

"Blind! my baby blind! oh! oh!"

The doctor, uncertainly, as one who sees through a mist, takes her arm and tries to lead her away.

She shivers, and shrinks from his touch. She moves her hands in the air; she stands upright and unsupported, but she quivers as a tree does when lightning smites it.

"Phœbe! Phœbe! where are you?" she calls, piteously.

The kind old hands find her; the kind old arms fold about her, and press her to the motherly heart. The sweet old voice, calm with the faith engendered by a lifetime of experience, breathes in her ear:

"Hush! hush! you must be brave and strong; you must bear it with patience and faith; it is only one of the many trials that come to us to test our trust in God's love for his creatures here below; aye, and they endure, many times they endure, hard and bitter, to the end!"

The brave old voice falters at last. Does she not know? Has she not had trials, many and bitter? And even with her the end is not yet.

Nellie creeps closer to the shelter of those motherly arms.

"Blind! blind! my baby is blind!—never to look on the sweet meadows, the green fields and gardens! never to look into the blue heavens!—never to see *me!*"

Her voice rises to a shrill cry.

"Hush! hush!" old Phœbe murmurs. "It shall be all well with him in the end. God will take care of that."

"I have thought, when I have been looking at him," Nellie goes swiftly on, "of the time when he should be large and brave and strong—I have pictured him, a noble man, learned and honored—when I could lean upon his arm and look up to him for help and comfort. But now—oh, how can I bear it? Blind! blind!"

The doctor walks away from her to the window, where he may not see the terrible woe that is written on her face.

"Why should he be blind?" she asks, suddenly, her mood changing. "What good is to be wrought out of it? What purpose is to be served in the setting of such a seal of sorrow on an innocent child?"

They do not answer her. What have they to say?

"Was it to punish me?" she asks—"was it to punish me for *my* weakness and folly, that my baby was given to me blind?"

She looks piteously from one to the other of her two old friends.

"Tell me," she cries; "you are old, you have lived long, and you have seen the working of God's will upon men; *does* he smite the innocent in order that the guilty may suffer? Have you seen it? Do you believe in it?"

"God moves in a mysterious way," answers old Phœbe, unconsciously quoting from one of the grandest of our English hymns. "We cannot tell what he means when he strikes our stubborn hearts through those whom we love. We can only keep our trust in Him, and be sure that everything is for our good in the end."

"And he has smitten my baby sightless in order to punish me for my sin?" sobs Nellie.

"Sin is a harsh word to use." Old Phœbe's voice is stern, as she says it. "Call it folly, weakness, whatever you will, but never by that terrible word, sin."

She shivers as she speaks. There is another one a wanderer somewhere in the wide world, who will perchance come back to her some day and plead for love and shelter. Will she be able to say of that one, as she does of this pale weeper in her arms, "Thou hast not sinned!" Ah! it is for that she prays, night and morning, with undoubting trust.

"I see; God has punished me," sighs Nellie, wearily. "For my folly and selfish weakness he has brought this terrible judgment upon me; but it has broken my heart, and I have no more strength to live."

"Nay, you must live for your child's sake," says old Phœbe; "more than ever will he need you now."

Nellie covers her face with her hands.

"What! live with such a curse upon me? It is better for me to die!"

"Stop!" says old Phœbe, angrily. "You must not speak like that."

Nellie looks at her with a strange, wild expression. She takes the wrinkled old hand, and kisses it humbly.

"You have been very good to me," she says. "I have not meant to do any wrong, ever. I have only been foolish and weak and selfish. You must not be too hard with me. I have no strength. I had no strength before, when I failed in my duty, and I have none now to bear this great sorrow. My heart seems broken, and I have no wish to live."

Old Phœbe looks frightened at the preternatural calmness with which the poor young mother speaks. The baby in the next room begins to cry with a low, moaning noise. Nellie hurries away to soothe it, and the doctor and Mrs. Phœbe are alone together.

"Poor thing! poor thing! it is a hard trial," says the doctor, with a sound like tears in his voice. "I am afraid it will be too much for her; she has not strength enough to bear the shock."

"Does grief kill?" asks old Phœbe, calmly. "She will find strength—she *must* find strength—as we all do, when trials come to us. Hark! she is better now, she is singing to the child."

Nellie's voice rings low and tender, but, somehow, it sends a cold chill to the doctor's heart as he listens to it. It cries out with such a desolation of hopeless grief.

There is a moment's silence as the words die away with a plaintive ring. They hear the baby's soft cooing notes as Nellie takes him in her arms. Old Phœbe creeps to the door. Nellie holds the child tightly to her bosom. She kisses him passionately; kisses his face, his mouth, his yellow hair, his sightless, large blue eyes.

"Blind! blind! my baby is blind!" she whispers.

She looks around with a horrified expression as if she had but just realized the bitter truth, and then falls forward on the floor with the child in her arms. Blind! blind!

CHAPTER XXV.

Karl Henderson finds life in New York, now that he has returned from his eventful voyage across the seas, very different from what it was in the fair days of old.

He feels terribly alone. Keith is not with him, after all. That swift message, sent after the brothers by frightened domestics on the night of their projected departure, reached them as the vessel was clearing the docks from Liverpool; it sent Keith back to the bedside of his dying wife, a sadder if not a wiser man than when he left her.

"Dying!" the dispatch was worded; but Reine did not die. The veriest ghost of a phantom of a chance for life was hers, and youth and a strong constitution stood her friends. When Reine opened her eyes it was to see Keith's face bending over her, with a subdued expression it was not wont to wear.

"You here?" she gasped, weakly. "Oh! I am glad I did not die!"

"Don't try it again, then," Keith answered, caressing softly the white but tenderly glancing face. "It's rather a dangerous experiment, and I am afraid won't bear repeating."

His voice trembled the least bit in speaking these words. His great careless heart, showing itself so grand at times and at times so terribly deformed, was touched by Reine's desperate abandonment as it had not been for many a day before.

"It was touch and go!" he would to Karl. "I'll confess my blood runs unpleasantly cold even now when I think of how near my chance lay to losing her. I suppose I ought to promise, like a good boy, to reform now, and never do so no more. But I'm such a poor beggar, it's no use saying anything. Shall come over as soon as Reine is well enough to travel."

Karl reads the letter with a feeling of thankfulness that Reine lives, and then feels himself more alone than ever. Standish has plenty of work cut out for him to do, and he plunges briskly into it. But after business hours what is he to do with himself. Frank Shrewsbury is dead, gay Frank Shrewsbury—dead of such a death—and sleeping in his grave in a foreign land. He walks among his fellow men with a feeling as of one accursed. The sight of Ellice, in her black robes of widowhood, is the severest shock he has yet experienced.

It is evening when he first calls to see her. She comes slowly down to the parlor where he waits. She lays a cold hand in his and then withdraws it, shuddering. Her face looks very pale and sweet under her widow's cap. She is very greatly changed.

"You have suffered," he says, commiseratingly, as he holds her hand. "Let me beseech you to find consolation in a remembrance of the gallant courage with which he met his lonely death. If he could speak to you now, he would be first of all in saying this: be calm, be brave!"

Ellice shivers slightly at the touch of his hand.

"He has said it here," she answers, holding Frank's dying message to her heart. "He speaks to me in this, and I seem to hear his voice once more. But tell me all, tell me everything."

He complies with her command, though it is a hard task she sets him.

"All this might so easily have been spared," he says, in conclusion. "I wrote Frank a letter that night, before I sailed and after I had seen my brother's wife. I explained in it why I went abroad so suddenly."

"I know, I know," interrupts Ellice, wearily. "But the letter came too late. It is one of the thousand instances that go to show the blind ways in which destiny works. The letter was detained, and Frank followed you—followed to his death!"

She puts her hands over her face, and the room is for a moment shaken by her stormy sobs.

"And Nellie Childerssohn; where is she?" Karl asks, in a low voice.

"Ah! who can tell!" Ellice answers. "From that day to this she has not been heard of. Search has been made everywhere. The police were notified, and set to work. Advertisements were put in the papers. But all to no use. It is to be feared that the unhappy girl is dead. Perhaps she put an end to her life of her own will—who can say!"

"God forbid!" ejaculates Henderson, a profound horror ringing in his voice. "God forbid that! I cannot for a moment think it!"

They relapse into silence, and memory is busy for a space in either heart.

"But her husband," says Karl, a quiet red flush drifting over his forehead. "How does he bear it? How is it with him?"

"He is a broken-hearted man," Ellice answers. "A worn, weary, dull and broken-hearted old man. Nellie was the darling of his old age; and he lives, bereft and solitary, with only one thought to cheer him—the hope of meeting her in another world."

Truly, no light burden has Mr. Henderson to carry on his conscience. His one consolation in these dark days is in little Marie Cecile's society. The pretty child-woman has found a home with Ellice; and her loving words, her gratitude, her caresses and affectionate solicitude, make a great patch of sunshine in the young widow's darkened life.

It is some consolation in the midst of his troubles to feel that this one bright, unsullied nature, clings to him with such unshaken trust. A stranger in a strange land, surrounded by strange faces, the little French girl clings to this one friend with loving fidelity. The daily half hour he gives to her, the walk or ride in the park, are looked forward to always with the same eagerness. She meets him ever with the same glad smile.

"You are so like Nellie, child," Karl says to her, involuntarily, one day, as he views the light glimmering through the bright folds of her hair.

Like Nellie! The French girl pricks up her ears. Here is a new idea. She turns it over and over in her small grasp, examining it in every light.

"Who is Nellie?" she asks.

"A golden-haired lady, like you," Henderson answers, rather regretting his indiscretion in speaking.

"Where is she now?" The light quivers brightly through Marie's curls, as she turns her fresh, blossom-like face anxiously up to her friend's.

"I do not know;" he makes brief answer, more and more regretting his hasty words, as the avalanche of questions threatens.

Marie is silent for a moment. Not for long. She begins again.

"Will she never come back—this golden-haired lady?"

Henderson does not answer. Marie puts two and two together and makes five out of them, with all the precocious insight of a French woman whenever affairs of the heart are concerned.

"Did you love her? Is that why sometimes your face is so very dark and your eyes so very sad, and you do not hear me when I speak to you?"

Marie gets up from her seat and stands by his side.

"Hush, child!" Henderson rouses himself out of the reverie he has fallen into. "This golden-haired lady is dead to me; and we do not like to talk much of our dead; we hold them sacred."

Marie is only half assured by his brighter expression.

"What about your studies?" he goes on to say, with a view to turning her mind from the dark ways into which it has fallen. "How do you get on with your English? Let me see what progress you have made in your lessons since I heard you last."

"It is not much I have done," says Marie, hesitating. "I have written some copy from a journal. A great many lines."

Marie brings a newspaper from the table. Everbody reads newspapers in America. Henderson takes it and glances up and down the columns.

"Amusements! Wanted! To Let! Lost! Why, child, these are all advertisements. There is nothing of interest here!"

"Read that," Marie says, by chance putting her finger on a paragraph. They all look alike to her. "Read that one."

"That, child? That is the agony line, Somebody lost, or found, or wanted! It is not of the slightest earthly consequence to us."

Is it not? Something in the wording of the paragraph catches his eye. He looks at it—turns it away; looks at it again. He reads it through carefully, once—twice—thrice! He is white to the very lips. Marie watching him closely sees his great, dark eyes flash through the gloom that now habitually shrouds them.

"Great God!" he cries. "To think how many times only a paper wall intervenes between us and our fate!"

He flings the paper down, stops, takes it up and tears out the advertisement. Then he walks to the door.

Marie, who has been watching him with a frightened look, now gathers courage. She runs after him and catches him by the arm.

"What is it?" she asks. "What have I done?"

"You?" he answers, arrested by the sob in her voice. "You have done nothing but what is right, as usual. Good-bye."

She goes back to her chair, and folding her hands, muses long and earnestly. Her small, fresh-tinted face is all aglow with thought.

"He must have found something that told him about the golden-haired lady—but why was it in a printed book—no, a paper—about her. She must be a very grand lady; he says she is like me."

Little Marie, with a rose-red blush, stands up and looks at herself in the glass. She shakes her head, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dr. Peachbloom and Mrs. Phœbe watch tenderly over Nellie, as she succumbs to the overwhelming weight of this great sorrow which destiny has thrust upon her. Of the two the doctor is the more anxious. If she die now on their hands, so alone, so far away from the friends that love her, he can never forgive himself.

He would communicate with those friends now, but he has no address; nothing to guide him. Nellie has told them of her sister and her husband, but she has carefully suppressed every sign that would give an idea of their locality.

He hits upon the only safe or available plan of addressing them now in this dire extremity; that of the newspaper. Surely if Nellie have any friends, any who love her, or are in any manner interested in her welfare, they will seek her now.

But no answer comes; no response to his appeal. Day after day it is repeated; poor Nellie must be forgotten by the world.

Meanwhile she struggles slowly back to life! Not yet will she die—not yet. Old Phœbe rejoices as she sees the blue eyes open once more to the light of reason; rejoices with a strong, motherly, never-a-moment-faltering love, that death has been again cheated of his prey. But what of those other friends who once professed to love her so?

The doctor is sitting in his study one afternoon, when the door opens to admit a visitor.

The visitor is a gentleman; a tall, rather dark person, with an air and a manner of those who belong to the world. The doctor comes at once to his feet.

"This is Dr. Peachbloom, whom I have the honor to address?"

The doctor bows. He is charmed with the deferential courtesy, the thoroughbred voice and manner.

The gentleman proffers a card, and thereon the doctor reads a name: "Karl Henderson."

"Are you the person who inserted this in the newspaper?" asks Mr. Henderson, producing a slip of printed matter.

The doctor recognizes his handiwork and bows again, while he pushes forward a chair.

"I put it in a long time ago, and have been greatly surprised at receiving no response."

Mr. Henderson turns very pale. His dark face loses all its healthy color; his dark eyes radiate with a look of terrible fear.

"I only found it yesterday—by the merest chance. And she——"

"She is alive," the doctor interrupts to answer. "She is alive. I can answer that safely now. But if you had come to me a week ago and asked that question, I should not have dared to say as much, not knowing but she might have died the hour after I left her. The chances were so great against her."

The doctor speaks impressively. The stranger draws his breath hard, as one does after flinging off a heavy burden.

"Thank God! and she will live now! You think she will?"

"I trust she may!" the doctor answers, gravely. "But she is very weak! She has of late gone through many hardships and excitements, and they have sapped her strength fearfully."

"Tell me about her," says Mr. Henderson, eagerly. "I have come far to learn tidings of her. Tell me all that you know."

The doctor looks at him doubtfully. He is not quite sure about this strange gentleman who has appeared so suddenly on the scene.

"May I ask?" he says, a little awkwardly, "may I ask if you are a friend—one who has a right to know?"

A great red flush sweeps over Henderson's face. He makes an impatient gesture.

"Go on, doctor! I have a right to know, believe me, else I should not be here."

The doctor is moved—a dim suspicion begins to glimmer through his mind.

"It is a long story," he says. "A long story, and a sad one."

"Nevertheless I wish to hear it. Go on!"

"It was on a winter's day," the doctor begins, "that she came here. One of the coldest, fiercest days we had last winter. The wind was high, the snow was whirling in clouds as she came over the hills through the drifts—alone, life only kept in her by the fever in her veins——"

"Stop!" commands the other, with uncontrollable excitement. "You do not mean to say she was wandering in the storm?"

"She was on foot," returns the doctor, with emphasis; "fighting her way against the buffeting wind and snow—lost and wandering in the furious storm—not knowing, nor caring, either, whither she went."

His listener rises and walks to the window. He stands there a moment with his back to the doctor, looking out. When he returns to his seat he is apparently calm, but a great horror has settled in, and looks out of his dark eyes.

"Go on! go on!" he says, impatiently. "You say she was lost in the storm. What followed next?"

"There is, among these hills, not far from here," continues the doctor, "an old lady—a very old lady—who lives alone. She had, long years ago, a daughter—a beautiful girl, who left the shelter of her home one day, and did not come back again——"

"But what of that?" interrupts the other, impatiently; "what has she to do with—with Mrs. Childersohn? Tell me what happened next?"

"I am coming to it," retorts the doctor, nettled at being so unceremoniously interrupted, but, nevertheless, hurrying a little faster to the end.

"This old lady watches and waits, night and day, for the coming home of her daughter. She has a fixed conviction that when she does come, it will be in want and sorrow. When, that awful day, she saw the lonely female figure staggering through the snow, beating wind and whirling crust against her, her tired limbs often giving way beneath her, she thought her daughter was coming home at last."

Henderson sits with his face dropped in his hand and hid from sight. But as these last words fall on his ear, he starts from his chair with a groan of acute suffering.

"Twice she fell in the snow," the doctor goes on to say, "then struggled to her feet, and on again, a few steps."

Henderson takes a turn up and down the room, battling with elements as tempestuous as any poor Nellie faced on that eventful day. Horror, amazement and sorrowful pity, heaven knows what fierce emotion, was not up and contending for supremacy on the battle-ground of his tortured mind.

"Go on, now," he says, with a faint smile of apology, taking his seat. "I will try not to interrupt you again."

"There is little more to tell. The old lady rushed out and bore the wanderer in her arms through the storm. She warmed her, gave her food and shelter; more than all, she gave her love. I think it was that cheered the poor lady more than anything else; the motherly voice, the motherly care, the motherly love of old Phœbe Rink."

"She shall have a rich reward," says Henderson.

"That night!" pursues the doctor, not heeding him, "late that night her child was born."

Henderson keeps his face carefully hidden; the doctor cannot see it. However closely this may touch him he makes no response, not a murmur, not a movement, not a tremor.

"Born," says the doctor, slowly, "and born blind!"

There is a long silence. Henderson lifts a haggard face; he rises to his feet. "When may I see your patient?" he asks, abruptly.

"See her? She is very weak," says the doctor, doubtfully. "I do not know if it would be advisable."

But Karl persists. "I must see her. I will come to-morrow. Good-bye!"

He is as good as his word. He comes next day, early. It is not without many misgivings that the good doctor admits him. The young man's manner does not promise much for the quietude of the interview.

"I trust to your own discretion not to excite her," he says, as they stand without the door. "She is so very weak, that any strong and unusual emotion now may prove fatal to her."

"You may trust me. I ask but a moment's speech with her," Karl answers, impatiently.

The doctor opens the door. He gives a quick glance from one to the other of the two faces, and then leaves them there together.

Nellie is sitting up in a great arm-chair; her baby lies in her lap; of the two, Nellie seems but a larger child holding the other, much as if it were a pretty doll of which she happened to be particularly fond. As Henderson enters she looks up. A quiet, burning blush overspreads her face. Her soft white throat is stained with the fiery flood.

Henderson comes quickly towards her. For a moment neither have any word to say.

"At last! after many days!" Henderson is first to break the silence. "After all this weary time I find you again."

Nellie lifts her great shy eyes, in which the quick tears flash.

"It has been a long time," she murmurs. "A long time. I thought you had all forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" he repeats, after her. She is ignorant then of all that has happened since her flight from Ellice Shrewsbury's home. Well, it is better so; better for her to be in ignorance of what can only pain her.

He looks at her intently; he notes the great change in her face, her figure; she seems to be but a reed now, that any harsh wind might bend to the earth and break. Then his look falls upon the child lying in her lap, and his dark face changes.

"You have undergone much; you are changed!"

She looks up sadly; a faint blush makes her cheek fresh and sweet once more.

"Do not speak of it. It is past; let me forget it. It is all like a horrible dream now." She put her hand over her eyes with a shiver.

"And can you forgive me for bringing all this suffering on you?" he asks. "Can you forgive me the mad passion that sent you out that night, in your frantic wish to escape from me, out in the storm and darkness that followed after?"

"Hush!" she murmurs. "Do not speak of that. It is all over now. I am quite safe. I am quite well, now."

"Well!—you are well!" He looks at her, from head to foot. He notes the change in the face that was once so sweet with the bright rose-tint of health.

She raises her eyes with a frightened look.

"I am going home," she falters. "I shall get quite well then. I shall get rested and happy. I shall look quite different then. You see it is only the—anxiety—the uncertainty!"

She stops; she lifts her arm, from which the loose sleeve has fallen back, leaving its once rounded, polished beauty bare to the sight. It is not exactly a pretty arm now; the dimples are all gone, and the veins show startlingly through the white surface.

Henderson does not answer her; he does not hear her. He is thinking of what she said a moment since.

"Are you going home soon?" he asks.

"To-morrow. Jennie is coming for me. We sent for her; she is coming and will take me home with her."

"You will let me accompany you, will you not?" he asks, after a little silence. "You will let me go with you as far as my route homeward lies with yours—I, who love you so much?"

"Oh, hush!" she cries, with a shocked face. "Do not speak thus. I am too weak to bear it."

The last words ring out fiercely, with a desperate effort.

Fortunately, at this moment, the child begins to cry. He turns with a faint moaning noise, on Nellie's lap. She drops a kiss passionately on the blue, blind eyes, as she hushes him, holding him to her heart.

"You see," she says, looking up at Henderson, with quivering lips, "you see *here* how I am punished for my weakness. God has punished me in making my baby blind! I am not humble enough, even yet."

"Hush!" he cries, shocked into soberness. "If there is to be any talk of punishment, then I should be scathed by the lightning fire of God's wrath, and you should go free as air."

There comes a quick knock at the door.

"Go!" says Nellie, putting her hand to her heart. "Go!"

The door opens; old Phœbe enters. Henderson goes out.

"Nellie, dear, do you wish to see a friend. Here is your sister Jennie. Why what ails the child? She has fainted!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Every period of life has its peculiar prejudices: who ever saw old age that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present times?

A SAILOR'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

A sailor named John Bates hired a horse and cutter for a turn around the city of Detroit, and he had not been out over fifteen minutes, when he came back to the barn, leading the horse, and said that the cutter was "down there somewhere," in about a hundred pieces. He did not want to pay its full value, and, being taken before a justice, he was asked to state his case.

"Well, you know," he commenced, as he rolled his quid to the other cheek, "I chartered that craft for a cruise round town."

"Yes."

"I got aboard, battened down hatches, and gave the hoss a free sheet. He wanted to run dead before the wind, but I hauled him up, eased off the boom a little, and got the wind on the quarter."

"Then he went, did he?"

"Yes, sir, he fluked. We passed Point Betsey flying, and though I saw other craft taking in sail, I kept the top-gallant sail hung out, and held her steady."

"Do you mean that the horse ran away?" inquired the justice.

"Yes, sir, I do. I threw the wheel over, took a pull at the halyard, and hauled away at the sheets, but she was pinted out to sea, and old Davy Jones couldn't have swung her a pint. I tried to shorten sail, but she rolled in so much sea over her bows that she foundered."

"The cutter was smashed, you mean?"

"Yes, sir; she went down stern first, and I went overboard, and was picked up by a steam barge wearing blue buttons, who charged me with scuttling the craft. I want to do the fair thing, captain, but I'm blowed if this 'ere skipper ought to send out a craft loaded by the head, and no insurance on the cargo."

He finally agreed to pay a sum satisfactory to all parties, and when he handed over the money, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose I can up anchor and forge ahead. I haven't dropped anchor in this kind of a harbor for ten years before, and I am going to buy an axe and take a tug for the Canada woods. Good-bye, captain, keep your jibs down trim."

MANUFACTURE OF RAZOR BLADES.

The celebrated razor blades produced by Rogers, of Sheffield, and which go to all parts of the civilized world, are forged out of bars of the very best highly carbonated cast steel, tilted to about half an inch in breadth, and of a thickness sufficient for the back of the razor. The blade is first moulded at the end of the porter-rod and then forged, and the edge being brought out, the concave surface is formed by working the side on the rounded edge of the anvil. It is then cut off, and the tang is either drawn out from the same material as the blade, or, if this be of superior quality, a piece of iron is welded to it. The steel used is of excellent quality, so as to undergo the beating necessary to produce the thinner part, while the back is left thick. Some of the workmen are so expert in forging the blade, that they will produce on the anvil an edge so sharp and even that it can be used for shaving after being whetted. After forging, the blade is smitted or beaten on an anvil, to render the metal as compact as possible. The blade is also slightly ground, or scorched, after the forging, on a coarse, dry grit stone, to bring it to the shape required, and remove the black scale or coating. The blade is next drilled for the joint, and stamped with the name, then hardened and tempered, and ground on a whetstone of from four to eight inches in diameter.

THE OLD TIMES.

There is a strange pain in coming suddenly upon some relic of one's lost youth—some lock of golden hair, cut when your hair, gentle lady, was golden, which is so white now—some portrait, painted when life was young, when lips' red charm and the pride of the brown were in their prime, when the skin was satin which now is parchment. You feel it, too, strong man though you are, and your lip curls half sorrowfully under your grizzled moustache as you look at a face of boyish bloom which a wandering artist painted a quarter of a century ago. Was that you—that young face, with the frank, fearless eyes, which no care had made dim, the tell-tale color, the eager mouth? What were the ambitions of that old life? How different were those day-dreams from the sober schemes of to-day! How you hoped—how you trusted—with what sublime faith you looked on into the future! Now you are old, and the world is cold, and the rose color of your youth has faded into the sober gray of middle age. This is a better thing, you may try to think—you are wiser, you are stronger—but there is a little pain nevertheless, a sigh of longing for the "something sweet" which

Followed you with flying feet,
And can never meet again.

THE FUNERAL PNEUMATIC RAILROAD.

A pneumatic subterraneous railroad, similar to that of which a short section was made under Broadway by way of experiment, is to be constructed in Vienna, not for the transportation of live freight, but of the corpses of deceased from the city to the cemeteries. From the cellars of centrally located chapels in the city, tunnels, two, three, and four miles long, will run to the different cemeteries outside the city. The tunnels are to be only large enough to pass the coffins lengthwise, which will be placed on a small platform-car moving on rails, while the blast of air sends the corpses off to the cemetery at a rate of velocity equal to forty or more miles per hour. This does away with the tedious and time-robbing funeral processions. All the procession that takes place is in the city from the house to the chapel; then, as soon as the funeral service is ended, the coffin is lowered down in the cellar by means of an elevator, the friends go home, while the body is labeled for its destination, and goes where the grave is situated. We must confess it takes away much of the poetry of burial, the assembling of the friends around the grave, etc., but then the world is progressing, time is becoming more and more precious, and we can no longer afford to lose time with slow funerals; and if the living are clamorous for quick transportation, why not give this privilege to the dead also?

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron, or elastic as the springing steel.

THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 per day; 36,772,200 times per year; 2,665,440,000 in three score and ten; and at each beat, two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it; one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour; seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe, on an average, 1,200 times per hour; inhale 800 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" out-numbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvellously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

THE NAMELESS FINGER.

In the works of Meneius there occurs a passage beginning thus: "If a man's nameless finger be bent so that he cannot straighten it, although his bent finger may cause him no pain, still, if he hears of some one who can cure, he will think nothing of undertaking a journey from Tsin to Tsu to consult him upon his deformed finger." Upon this expression—the nameless finger—a Japanese priest, in a sermon which has been translated by Mr. Mitford and again by Mr. O'Neil, thus comments: "The 'nameless finger,' is the finger next to the little finger. Of the rest, the thumb is called the great finger; the index finger is called the head finger; the longest is called the middle finger, and the smallest is known as the little finger. The one next to it is the only one which is without a name. It is true that women call it the rouge putting-on finger, but that is not a general name for it. Hence, from the very non-existence of a name, it has acquired a name—the nameless finger. And if we ask why it has no name, the reply is because it is wholly functionless. We take hold of things with the thumb and little finger; we scratch the head with the first finger, we feel whether wine is hot with the little finger. But though all the other fingers have their particular functions, the nameless finger is alone useless."

The Spider's Thread.—That any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey, should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange that if we did not see it done daily before our eyes by the common house spider and garden spider, it would seem wonderful. But that wonder is increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to all this, showing the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly coming in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Dr. Blackwell to contain 87,360 of these globules; and a large net of fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter, 120,000; and yet such a net will be completed by one species—*Epeira apoclisa*—in about forty minutes usually, if not interrupted.

Wherever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

If some persons were to bestow one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out.

A Prevalent Disease.

There is no disease so prevalent in America as dyspepsia, and certainly none which has so generally baffled and defeated the skill of the medical profession. The only remedy for this distressing complaint is a pure medicated stimulant. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose essential principle is sound rye, is admitted by medical practitioners to be the only alterative, corrective and restorative on which they can rely. The Bitters are the best possible specific for flatulency, dizziness, waterbrash, irregularity of the bowels, and all indications of confirmed dyspepsia. They do not excite, but soothe the irritated stomach and bowels, and may be taken by persons of the most delicate and sensitive organization, who are unpleasantly affected by the use of the ordinary stimulants of commerce. Though their effect is most decisive, yet they are so mild and beneficent in operation as to be suitable to children as well as to adults.

Self-Flattery.—We find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions and our wills, and forget the lessons of reason and revelation. We bring disease and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery as well as self-indulgence, that we say, "I could not avoid it; I obeyed the dictates of nature." Thus we charge our own faults and their consequences on our Creator. The intemperate man says, "I only seek the gratification which nature points out or makes necessary;" he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity. Still he says, "I have these impulses from nature." If strife and murder, or disease and death follow, all must, of course, be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness that he does not endeavor to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe.

CHOICE READING
FOR THE
WINTER EVENINGS.

We have at present a limited number of complete sets of The Post containing the whole of each of the following Brilliant, Entertaining and Original Serials, *which cannot be obtained elsewhere, or in any other form.*

Persecuted; *or, A Brave Woman's Trials.* By Dr. Charles O. Northrop, author of "Twice Married; or, Compton's Revenge," etc., etc. "PERSECUTED, *a strikingly clever and original romance, is written in a charming, natural, and clever style; the story is concisely and dramatically told; there is no lack of excitement to rule the reader on; and, from first to last, a well-planned and well-developed plot is sustained with spirit and unflagging interest.*" . . . Fifty cents (50).

Face to Face; *or, Sinning for Her Sake.* By the author of "Gerald," "Twice Won," etc. The author has already won distinction as a writer of serials of marked literary merit and absorbing interest. FACE TO FACE abounds with stirring scenes and pictures of life at home and abroad, which cannot fail to entertain, as well as instruct every one. . . . . One dollar (1).

Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer; *or, The Maid of Cawnpoor.* A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges. By Orpheus R. Charnock. The history of the world contains no more thrilling episode than that of the Sepoy insurrection in India, in 1857, and among the most wonderful occurrences are those which cluster around the siege of Cawnpoor. Many dark pages stain the history of those dreadful days, and the wildest flights of the novelist cannot exceed the authenticated incidents that marked the struggle of Great Britain to retain her supremacy in India. DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER, is a master-piece of portraiture which will hold the reader's interest from beginning to end. The snake-charmer is one of those strange characters that are only found in that mysterious country—cunning unfathomable, and relentless as the native tiger of the jungles. Captain Ned Livingstone, the hero, is a young American, who becomes involved in the very vortex of the rebellion, in his efforts to save his betrothed, Cora Wilson, from the merciless Sepoys. Her experience is of the most thrilling nature. Her journey through the rebellious district to Cawnpoor is marked by peril at every step, and the picture of the scenes in the city during the memorable siege; the portrait of Nana Sahib, the arch fiend of the insurrection, whose life reads like the wildest romance; the massacre at Cawnpoor; the miraculous escape; the struggle in the city; the final victory—all these are drawn with a master-hand, and woven in with those accurate historical descriptions are the adventures of the characters in whom the reader will feel the deepest interest from first to last. . . Fifty cents (50).

Wrung from the Grave; *or, The Stolen Heiress.* By Mary E. Woodson, author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," etc. The latest and best effort of this able and popular writer. The plot is drawn with great care, and so skillfully developed as to challenge admiration and enchain the attention. The characters are naturally drawn, the incidents devoid of anything improbable, yet the story is full of startling interest, and the complications and situations strikingly and powerfully portrayed. WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE is a narrative of everyday life, leading directly to the door of truth, detailing facts—stranger than fiction—in the most natural and charming manner, creating that deep sympathy which every true heart feels for those who are cruelly wronged. . . . . One dollar (1).

Gentleman Dick; *or, The Cruise of the Dolphin.* A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific. By Captain Clewline. The main incidents of this exciting narrative are founded upon facts within the knowledge and personal experiences of the author, a gentleman of literary reputation, who spent several years of his early life on board a whaleship in the North Pacific Ocean. Captain Clewline has presented, in most attractive style, a narrative of thrilling scenes and hairbreadth escapes, combined with a large amount of valuable and interesting information. While GENTLEMAN DICK is especially intended to interest and instruct the boys, readers of all classes and ages will find the dangers, trials, scenes and incidents which attend the fortunes of the youthful hero so graphically told, as to arouse their curiosity and enchain their attention to the end. Seventy-five cents (75).

In addition to the completed story, *each number* contains Tales, Sketches, Essays and Poems equal to one hundred and fifty pages of an ordinary 12mo. vol., presenting the best and cheapest reading offered to the public.

They will be forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Address,

Saturday Evening Post,
727 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA,
ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,
ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER,
AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,
DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF
THE LUNGS AND THROAT,
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH
AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN
AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated; for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflamation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents a box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

He that pleases himself without injuring his neighbor, is quite as likely to please God as the world as he who strives to please the whole of it.

Forgive injuries and remember benefits; if you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

ADVERTISEMENTS

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW BOOKS.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's celebrated works. They are complete in Thirty-seven volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt backs, price $1.75 each; or $64.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

How He Won Her.	The Deserted Wife.
Fair Play.	The Lost Heiress.
Victor's Triumph.	Love's Labor Won.
A Beautiful Fiend.	The Gipsy's Prophecy.
The Artist's Love.	The Three Beauties.
A Noble Lord.	Vivia; Secret of Power.
Lost Heir of Linlithgow.	The Two Sisters.
Tried For Her Life.	Miriam, the Avenger.
Cruel as the Grave.	Wife's Victory.
The Maiden Widow.	The Mother-in-Law.
The Family Doom.	Haunted Homestead.
The Bride's Fate.	Lady of the Isle.
The Changed Brides.	Fallen Pride.
Prince of Darkness.	The Widow's Son.
The Christmas Guest.	Ailworth Abbey.
Bride of Llewellyn.	Retribution.
The Fortune Seeker.	India; or Pearl River.
The Bridal Eve.	Curse of Clifton.
The False Marriage.	Discarded Daughter.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' WORKS.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of all the popular works written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. They are complete in Twenty-one volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $36.75 a set, and each set is put up in a neat box. Their names are as follows:

Bellehood and Bondage.	The Rejected Wife.
The Old Countess.	Mary Derwent.
Lord Hope's Choice.	Fashion and Famine.
The Reigning Belle.	The Heiress.
A Noble Woman.	The Old Homestead.
Palaces and Prisons.	The Gold Brick.
Married in Haste.	The Wife's Secret.
Wives and Widows.	Doubly False.
Ruby Gray's Strategy.	Silent Struggles.
The Curse of Gold.	The Soldier's Orphans.
Mabel's Mistake.	

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER.

By A. H. Monteith. Price 40 Cents each.

FRENCH Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
GERMAN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
SPANISH Without a Master. In Four Easy Lessons.
ITALIAN Without a Master. In Five Easy Lessons.
LATIN Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.

Any one or all of the above five Languages can be learned by any one without a teacher, with these books. Price Forty cents each. The five books are also bound in one large volume. Price Two Dollars a copy.

Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers.

Copies of any one or more, or all of the above books, will be sent to any one, to any place, post-paid, on remitting their price, in a letter, to the Publishers.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Madame de Rosa's Arthro is the best preparation in the world for beautifying the complexion. It imparts smoothness, transparency, and rosy freshness to the skin, cures all eruptions on the face, is not injurious. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail. Price, 50 cts per box. Address Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, New York.

GEORGE A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest and Most Perfect Manufacture in the United States
54,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.
Send for Price Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOR MARKING LINEN WITH INDELIBLE INK.
Emma E. Goodwin
The only neat and reliable manner is with one of our superior and warranted silver name-plates. Various styles made to order, with ink, brush, box, etc., complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents. Circular sent free. Address, THEODORE RUE, Quaker City Stencil Works, No. 234 ARCH Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED—Agents for the best selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 25 sheets paper, 25 envelopes, Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. Circular free. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

ACQUAINTANCE CARDS! Used by all stylish young men. A new and delicate way of asking a young lady's company. 8 styles (copyrighted). Mailed, post-paid, for 25c. per pack of 25, three packs 50c. Address J. R. HOLCOMB, Mallet Creek, Ohio.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. By sending 25 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. drawer 120, Fultonville, New York.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs nothing to try it. Particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AGENTS WANTED—Men or Women; $30 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. Reed, Eighth st., New York.

$20 per day at home, 40 new articles, and the best family paper in America. Terms free. Family Journal, 300 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE FOR STAMP. A Russia Leather Pocketbook. Address W. Scott, Bergen Ave., Jersey City.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
in
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps. Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Electro Silicon is GUARANTEED to be the BEST ARTICLE KNOWN for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD and SILVER-WARE and HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Advices from abroad declare pathetically that it is next to impossible to either describe comprehensively the varied eccentricities of the prevailing modes, or to classify the styles. In dresses the most noticeable features are the tendency to grow longer, especially for house wear, and to cling closer to the figure, while the diversity and quantity of trimming increases. Large pleats, double and single, are seen upon the back widths or at the sides. Bows, fringes, puffs, the popular knife-blade plaitings, box pleats, ruches, folds horizontal, folds perpendicular. Even metal is brought into use. Gilt and silver buckles are used to drape overskirts and sashes. Little chains of gilt and silver fancifully bedeck garments. We only mention these eccentricities in our capacity of chronicler of Fashion, but assuredly do not commend anything so bizarre to the taste of our readers.

There is much gossip about the new corset waist, said to be King Worth's latest fiat.

It has a low round neck, is brought down well in the stomach and hips, fitting smooth there, and is laced up behind. It has darts and side bodies which slope in at the waist and expand upon the hips. The edge is piped with silk, and sometimes trimmed with loops of ribbon. Most persons prefer the edges simply corded. It has a short berthe composed of puffs, with half long sleeves edged with a frill.

It requires a very fine figure, well rounded and with sufficient fullness to the graceful modulating curves, which mark the line of beauty, to bear so severe a form of corsage as this we have just described.

Young ladies in their first season wear the low round waist, that looks so well worn with a broad sash tied either behind or at the left side.

Evening dresses are covered with a profusion of flowers in many instances. We have seen a charming *toilette de bal*, made by the celebrated modiste, Madame Irma Simon, in Paris, which was composed of tulle and silk. The underskirt simply a slip of white tulle, the train very long. A full flounce of tulle is placed at the bottom in front. Above is a narrower ruffle of tulle, then a puff, then the entire front and side widths are covered with longitudinal puffs of tulle. The back has three deep flounces of tulle, and three wide longitudinal puffs of the same.

No overskirt. The waist is of white silk, made in the new style alluded to as the corset waist—it is simply corded at the edge. The berthe is composed of puffs of tulle, which also form the very short sleeve. A wide sash of cardinal colored India silk commences at the back in two deep loops, not in a bow—the ends which are very long, are gracefully looped here and there down the entire length of the train, giving a most artistic effect. At the waist, on the left side of the front, commences a garland of the palest pink and scarlet Marguerites, or asters with buds, and then a few of their own green leaves. This garland is looped across the front in a rounded tablier form, and fastened under the sash behind. Two similar garlands are placed at intervals below this one, and also terminate under loops of the sash ends. A garland of the same flowers encircles the berthe. A cluster of two pink and one scarlet Marguerites is placed high up on the right side of the head, among the puffs of the hair.

This costume, although quite expensive in faille and tulle, might easily be imitated in French or Swiss muslin with good effect.

A reception toilette of myrtle green velvet, and faille of a shade lighter, was made in this wise:

Skirt of faille, with deep flounce of the velvet; then a bias ruffle and puff of the silk, and a standing ruffle of velvet lined and piped with silk.

Apron overskirt of velvet, piped with the silk, and drawn away to the back in soft folds. Sash ends of velvet lined with silk, and hid under a large pouf, formed by drawing up the back widths of the underskirt.

Sleeveless cuirass of velvet, piped with silk coming down in long points in front. Pleated ruche of velvet, lined with silk at the throat, ending in double revers, and a bow upon the bust. Sleeves of the silk, with pleating of velvet at the wrist, narrower pleating of silk above, and band of velvet with hanging ends, fastened on the outer seam of the sleeve with a silver buckle. Buttons of frosted silver close the front.

A very neat walking costume was of Havana brown serge, with raised diagonal stripe.

Underskirt trimmed all around with deep flounce, above which was a puff headed and edged with a ruffle.

Overdress, apron shaped, rather deep, edged with loops of very wide mohair braid, above which were placed two rows of the same braid laid flat, and stitched down with the machine. The long loose breadths were looped at each side, and drawn away to the back.

Cuirass basque, trimmed across the shoulders with three rows of the braid to simulate bretelles. High round collar and revers, and small square pockets on the side flaps of the basque skirt, together with square cuffs upon the half tight-fitting sleeve, complete a very stylish and serviceable costume.

Hat of brown felt with wide rim, left side turned up, and held in place by a bird with outspread wings. Plume of ostrich feathers in the natural shading.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Velvet hashes, with raised figures or flowers in velvet, are very stylish.

A pretty ornament for the coiffure is a rose, formed of tulle, gathered into the appropriate shape, with leaves of Valenciennes or Mechlin lace laid over underleaves of green satin. It is worn high up on the left side.

Side-combs of shell, to match the tints of the hair, are *en regle*. Some ladies hide them under the puffs, others consider them ornamental, and display them.

"English Channel sole" shoes are all the rage.

Ties of dark China crape, edged with Valenciennes lace, tied or knotted low down upon the bust, are among the Parisian novelties. The lace must extend all round the outer edge.

Scarfs of India silk, of a tint to match the trimmings of the dress, worn across the right shoulder, and fastened under the left arm, are stylish for evening toilettes.

Long black-silk cloaks, edged and lined with soft fur, are worn by European belles instead of the short, fanciful opera wraps hitherto so popular.

The mask veils of gray grenadine have given place to dark-blue, green, and even black ones.

The most fashionable shades for combination in costumes are very dark blue and light-blue gray.

Black enamel jewelry, set with pearls, is very much in vogue abroad.

A fashion in dinner and lunch napkins is to have a small crab or lobster embroidered in red or blue in the centre, clutching in its claws the monogram.

Headdresses of ribbon and lace are coming back into vogue for middle-aged ladies for dinner and reception wear.

The Empress of Russia wore a cloud of white tulle over her ears when driving out in Paris.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RITA.—Bandoline from quince seeds is quite harmless, but we think very little of that sort of thing as used now-a-days.

K. and L. (Vicksburg, Min.)—Felt hats are considered equally stylish with velvet hats this winter. In fact, many prefer them as being more serviceable.

MISS JANETTE.—We send articles to any part of the United States, per express, C. O. D., or otherwise if you send a sufficient amount to prepay the express charges.

NETTIE H.—The double box plait referred to, and described by us, is sometimes made entirely apart from the skirt, lined with fine crinoline, and put on afterwards. Some have buttons down the centre, others prefer bows. Yes, we can send you the pattern of it, or any pattern you desire.

MISS ANNABEL R.—Your dilemma is pitiable, and we wish we could help you out of it. If the front widths are utterly ruined by the wine stain, suppose you make a deep apron overskirt of the dark brown, and put a ruffle of the same at the bottom of the underskirt. Cuirass basque of the dark, with sleeves of the light, will look well. NINON.

TABLE CUSTOMS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Forks were not used in England until the reign of James I. They were first used in Italy, and we have a very amusing account of an Englishman's first impressions in regard to the custom:

"I observed," he says, "a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals, use a little forke, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hande, upon the same dish. This form of feeding, I understand, they use in all places in Italy, their forke being for the most part made of yron or steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this, their curiosity, is because the Italian can not by any meane indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon, I myself, thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home."

The salt-cellar at this time occupied the middle of the table, and thus the table was divided into two distinct parts; the more eminent guests and head of the family sitting "above the salt," while inferiors and dependents sat below. Thus, Ben Johnson says, of a proud and contemptuous person, that "he never drinks below the salt."

The dresser or cupboard and its furniture became a great means of display among the wealthy. A prince of the royal blood might have five steps to his dresser; nobles of the highest rank could have four; dukes three; knights two.

The guests sat now, not in couples, as described of the Normans, but in fours, each four eating from the same dish, and served by one attendant. This was called a mess, a term still used, particularly in the army. One of the dishes at dessert was a castle made from sugar and almonds, which the guests would playfully attack with sugar plums and batter it to pieces. Taylor says:

"Castles for ladies and for carpet knights,
Unmercifully spoiled at feasting flights,
Where battering bullets are fine sugared plums."

The custom of pledging in drinking was carried to great excess. Each person, in turn, drank to the health of some person at the table. To show that they had emptied the cup, they would turn it over and pour what remained on the nail. If any ran off, they were condemned to fill the cup again and drink.

POLITE FALSEHOODS. — All nations count all other nations whose vocabulary is more florid, and whose professions of friendship are more profuse than their own, insincere in proportion to the difference they make in the mode of saying the same thing. If an Eastern says, "I am your sacrifice," and a Spaniard puts all he has under your feet, and a Frenchman swears he is enchanted at the honor of seeing you, and an Irishman calls you his dear friend, and protests by his soul that he is more glad of your company than if he had got a fortune, they all mean exactly the same thing as when we say "My dear, Smith is coming to dine here to-morrow. He's an awful bore, I know, but I was obliged to ask him, so let's have a decent dinner for the old curmudgeon." And when Smith comes, and is received with distinction by both host and hostess, they enact their falsehood to such perfection that he has not the least idea he was the occasion of a conjugal quarrel just twenty-four hours ago, and that both had lamented the hard social necessity they were under of asking him to dinner at all; though the lady, perhaps, had been the more angry and outrageous of the two. To make up for it, she is probably the smoother and more gracious when the unwelcome guest does arrive, that being the way of women in general.

THE accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more. He who seeks for much, will ever be in want of much. It is best with him to whom Providence has given that which is sufficient, though every superfluity be withheld.

COME TO ME, DARLING.

BY C. A. P.

When the red sun in the clear west is glowing!
And the soft wind from the sweet south is blowing,
When the day's trials no longer are near me—
Come to me, darling, to soothe and to cheer me!

Thou art the sun that dispels my sad hours—
Sweeter thy breath than the odor of flowers!
Only thy smile can my sombre life brighten—
Come to me, darling, my sad heart to lighten!

You, when life's bitterness caused me to languish,
Rose like a star on the night of my anguish;
Nothing in life like thy dear presence blesses—
Come to me, darling, and meet my caresses!

Come joy or sorrow, I'll part from thee never—
Close to my bosom I'll press thee for ever;
My heart is love's fountain laid open before thee—
Come to me, darling, and let it flow o'er thee!

KIDNAPPING A ROBBER.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

The post office at Oberville, a small western town, was a very important place. The worthy postmaster kept a country store, where he dispensed great quantities of goods of every description, from a stick of candy to a "prairie schooner," as the heavy, covered wagons of the country are called.

Oberville was a town comparatively new, one of those prairie villages that spring into existence miles away from other towns, and are a sort of nucleus or trading post for a large extent of country. Saturday was the principal trading day, and Mr. Harmon, the postmaster, and his clerks were always rushed with business on that day.

But, on the particular Saturday afternoon of which we wish to speak, trade had slackened earlier than usual, and the proprietor and his clerks were enjoying a breathing spell, and chatting with several rough-looking men who had gathered about the stove, many of them being strangers, for a stranger attracted but little notice in that community of new comers.

"Here comes Charley Gilbert, the very man I want to see," remarked Harmon, as a horseman dashed up to the store and dismounted.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young Hercules, and the large bay horse he rode looked well adapted to carrying such a weight, and exhibited due equine pride in serving his noble young master. Both horse and rider were well known and respected throughout the settlement. Leaving his well trained animal standing unhitched, Gilbert entered the store.

"You are just the person I wanted to see, Charley," said Mr. Harmon.

"Singular," said Gilbert, "I should think you would rather not see me, as you know the object of my call. People are not generally so welcome when they come for money."

"Well, I am an exception in this instance, for I am anxious to get rid of the amount I owe you. Fact is, there have been burglars around, and they tried to break into my store last night, but were frightened away, so I prefer you would hold this money against more successful attempts of the kind." And Mr. Harmon proceeded to count out a large roll of bills, which Gilbert placed carefully in his pocket.

"Now, Charley, said neighbor Hill, one of the party seated around the stove; "you had better keep a look out, 'cause some chap might go through you to-night before you return from Cranton."

The allusion to Cranton brought a slight blush to Charley's cheeks, for it was well known that he was on his usual Saturday evening visit to a certain young school mistress, who held forth in the neighboring settlement.

"How do you know I am going to Cranton?" asked Charley.

"Well, I only supposed so, 'cause I've heard said you do go that way about this time o' the week," and Hill tipped a wink to the crowd, who laughed, and Charley Gilbert, not wishing to discuss the subject further, left the store, and mounting old Hero, was soon out of sight. "Mighty fine chap, that Gilbert is," resumed Hill to his fellow loungers; "been in the army and won his straps, an' now he has entered his quarter section of land out here, an' will soon have one of the finest farms in this county."

The short autumn day came to a close, and it was long after dark ere Gilbert reached his destination, and received his usual hearty welcome from Sadie Delong.

Saturday nights were the bright spots in her dull life as a schoolmarm, and were sure to bring her Charley. Old Hero had carried his master over the road so often, that he knew just what was required of him, and needed no urging.

It was near Sabbath morning when Charley took his leave of his sweetheart.

"Now, do be careful, Charley," were her last words, "for you know there might be danger on the road, so many robberies have been committed lately."

"Never fear, Sadie; old Hero will take me home safely."

And, with a good-bye kiss, he mounted and rode away.

The night was dark—no light, except the stars that sparkled crisply from a clear sky. But, had it been ever so dark, it would have made no difference to Charley. His thoughts were of the sweet girl he had just left, and, paying no attention to his horse, he rode slowly along, intent upon plans for the future.

"The money I have received to-day will enable me to complete my home; then Sadie will be my wife, and we will live on the farm such a happy life," he mused.

A long, dark patch of timber loomed ahead, through which the prairie road ran, and not until he had entered its dark shadows, did Charley awaken from his blissful reverie.

Robbers! Yes, something had been said about robbers, and this was the darkest, loneliest part of the road.

"What if I should be attacked?" thought he. "I have nothing to defend me, and enough money to make it a good haul for such gentry. Humbug! I don't believe there is any danger——"

"Halt!"

And two dark forms sprang into the road, seized his bridle, and the steely glitter of pistols leveled at him, within a few feet of his breast, startled him.

Like a flash his good right arm struck the weapon from the hand of the robber, and fell heavily upon the shoulder of the fellow, and with a sudden jerk of the powerful arm he was hauled over the saddle bow as helpless as a bag of meal, while old Hero, in response to a dig of the spur, sprang away, jerking the other robber off his feet, and causing his bullet to speed wide of its intended victim.

On through the gloomy woods, and out again upon the open prairie dashed the horse with his double burden, while the robber struggled like a child in the powerful grasp of his captor. A closing of the fingers over the neck of the villain soon reduced him to quiet, and, held in this manner, he rode an unwilling captive, until, at last, the lights of Oberville appeared, and soon they were in the village. At a word from his master, Hero stopped in front of the post office, from the window of which a cheery light shone, denoting that the clerks were still busy replacing the goods that had been torn down during the day's traffic.

"Halloa!" called Gilbert.

A head appeared at the door, and a voice answered:

"Halloa! Who's there?"

"It's me, John, and I have got something nice here; come help me in with it," answered Charley.

"It's Gilbert," said John, addressing his fellow-clerks. "What's that you've got, Charley? a saddle of venison?" asked John, as he approached.

"Better than that, John. It is a real live little deer. Come and lift him down, but hold him fast," said Gilbert.

The astonished clerks gathered around, and Charley told them of his adventure, and soon the robber was released from his unpleasant position on the saddle, and taken into the store, where Charley followed.

Here he was safely bound, and in silent, sullen wrath regarded his captor.

"I think I have seen this fellow before," remarked John, as he took a survey of the captive. "He is the strange chap that was sitting at the stove here when the boss paid you your money, Charley."

"Let's go through him, and see what sort of plunder he has about him," suggested one of the clerks.

Accordingly a search was commenced through the prisoner's pockets, revealing a small flask of liquor, a pack of cards, some little money, and a savage-looking dirk knife.

"Halloa! what's this?" exclaimed Gilbert, picking up a piece of paper that fell on the floor, and opening it, read:

"One thousand dollars reward for the capture of one William Larkin, the supposed leader of a gang of robbers and horse thieves. He is a short, slim man, about five feet six inches in height, dark hair, heavy black eyebrows and moustache, and peculiar-looking, small black eyes——"

"Answers the description to a T," broke in John.

"Aha! William Larkin, or Curly Bill. I've heard of him. Charley, you're in luck! This fellow is a prize, indeed," added one of the clerks.

"Yes, this proclamation is from the sheriff at St. Joe, and is dated only a week ago," said Charley, after finishing the reading.

"Gentlemen," said Curly Bill, for it was indeed he, "you have got the original Curly Bill, and when you deliver me up, you will get that reward. I am in your power—but these strings are bound around my wrists most infernally tight," with a grimace of pain. "Can't you afford to make 'em easier?"

"Yes, let them out a little, Jones," said John, addressing his fellow-clerk. "Make them safe, but not too tight, and I will watch the bird meanwhile."

So Jones proceeded cautiously to rearrange the bonds on the wrists of the prisoner, while the others gathered around him.

With a sudden jerk of prodigious strength, Curly Bill got his bonds free, dashed his fist into the face of John, and sprang to the door, which had not been locked.

So sudden was his movement, that ere the rest of the group could comprehend the scene, Curly Bill had got out of the store, and, as Gilbert reached the door, he saw the robber spring into the saddle on old Hero's back, and dash away.

Pursuit was not to be thought of, but Gilbert placed his fingers in his mouth and gave a shrill whistle, hearing which, old Hero, despite the urging of his rider, wheeled suddenly, and, at the same wild gallop, started back to his master.

Seeing this, Curly Bill attempted to throw himself from the saddle, but, in so doing, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged helplessly over the hard street. Fortunately for the poor victim of this mishap, the distance was not great, or the result might have been far more serious.

How often is it that the merest trifling accident contributes to the ends of justice! Villains may successfully carry on their work for years, and in their fancied security forget the fate that must eventually overtake them—a slip, an accident, and the law claims her own.

Gilbert hastened to secure his horse, and the insensible form of Curly Bill was again carried into the store, where an examination revealed a broken head and a fractured leg, which would detain their prisoner as effectually as ball and chain.

In a few days the sheriff came up from St. Joseph, and took charge of Curly Bill, and, through his confession, many of his gang of desperadoes were taken or killed, and the country freed of their presence.

Charley Gilbert received his well-earned reward, and the money enabled him to complete his house handsomely, and stock the farm, over which Sadie Gilbert presides as mistress.

WHEN once a concealment or a deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you once pressed in your hand.

OF this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life so tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

NO man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest; but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleasure, and thus make himself independent of outward fortune.

CONTEMPT is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man, by lifting his head high, can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

WHATEVER your profession is, endeavor to acquire merit in it; for merit is esteemed by everybody, and is so precious a thing that no person can purchase it.

LET us beware of judging ourselves by what others think of us.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 724 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

TERMS for 1875. POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

REMITTANCES.—All remittances should be made by Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Money forwarded in this way is at our risk. In sending money, the amount, and what it is for, should be distinctly stated.

POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

*** In ordering, the name, with Post-office address, County and State, should be plainly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANNA S. (Holmesville.)—Thanks for your contribution to "Our Own Sphinx," which you will see we have published. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

F. J. C.—There is no royal road to learning. If you wish to be able to sing correctly, you must go through the ordinary course; you have surely some spare hours that could be devoted to learning music.

IGNORANCE (Middleburg, Ohio).—The terminal of the Atlantic cable are Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, and Valencia Harbor, the most westerly point of the Island of Valencia, on the southwest coast of Ireland, separated from the main land by a narrow arm of Valencia Bay.

H. C.—A good tooth powder for a person afflicted with an offensive breath is made as follows; Cream of tartar, and of chalk, of each half an ounce; myrrh, powdered, one drachm; orris root, powdered, half a drachm; powdered bark, two drachms. Mix all together, and rub down the mass in a mortar.

A. B. C.—He is your second cousin. 2. Yes; you can legally marry your second or third cousin. 3. That depends altogether on how often he writes to the nice young lady. 4. No; we would not advise him to marry the young lady until he had got over his jealous mood. 5. We should be disposed to doubt the sincerity of the young lady's love, under the circumstances you mention.

NO BEAUTY.—Pimples on the face indicate some defect of nutrition or some error in food. Many persons on the adoption of a wise and reasonable diet become for the first time free from pimples on the face; therefore, instead of doctoring them with medicine, you should look well to your habits of life, improve your digestion, wisely regulate your diet, and keep the skin active by proper bathing and much life out of doors.

JOHN NICOL.—We never heard of such a process as "Electrotyping leaves and flowers;" so cannot of course describe it to you. 2. In electrotyping, the moulding composition, which we presume is what you mean, is made of the best, unadulterated yellow wax, to which, in cold rooms or cold weather, from five to twenty per cent. of virgin wax is added. 3. We cannot find in any history of France, or elsewhere, the name of the bishop who married Napoleon the First to his second wife, Maria Louisa of Austria (not Maria Theresa, as you say, who was Empress of Germany), on April 2d, 1810.

SHAMROCK.—The Order of St. Patrick was instituted February 5th, and the installation of the first knights was performed on the 17th of March, 1783. It consists of the Sovereign and fifteen other knights companions. The lord lieutenants of Ireland for the time being officiate as grand masters of the order. The knights are installed in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, Dublin. Their robes are splendid, and the badge is three crowns united together on a cross, with the motto round, *Quis separabit*, 1783, fastened by an Irish harp to the crown imperial. A star of eight points encircles it on the coat.

E. N. J.—You three young ladies are taking exactly the right course to prejudice young men against you. Girls who are anxious to get beaux and catch husbands, and who spend all their time in planning to that end, seldom succeed. A girl whose time and thoughts are absorbed in the performance of her duties as a daughter, and in acquiring such useful studies and accomplishments as will best fit her for usefulness in life, and enable her to adorn whatever position in life she may be called on to fill, will be quite certain to be sought in marriage by worthy men, while your mere beau catchers will be only flirted with and left a prey to their own silly thoughts.

INQUIRER.—We have not given the subject of cremation that attention which you evidently have, and which you think it deserves; but are you quite sure that the burning of our dead would be an advantage over burying them, on the ground of being "more healthy for the living?" We saw the other day a statement in a London Medical Journal to the effect that the immense number of corpses burned by the Hindoos, who are compelled by their religion to burn their dead, has been assigned as the real cause of Asiatic cholera. The poisonous gases generated in this way are said to hover in the air during the day, but at night sink into the lower atmosphere, mixing with the water and various kinds of food, and permeating the lungs in the process of respiration. In Hindoostan the Asiatic cholera is endemic, yet, under certain influences in the atmosphere, it becomes epidemic.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—"I have just begun taking the POST, after having stopped it for some years, and cannot refrain from writing to congratulate you on the very great improvement you have made in the paper. In my opinion, it is now far ahead of any of the other papers of the kind, especially so in not having any of those outrageously sensational and improbable stories which they publish, and which I do not allow any of my boys to read. I am going to ask you a question: By whom was the expression 'No pent up Utica contracts your powers' first used?" We thank you for your very favorable opinion which you express of the POST. The words "No pent up Utica contracts its powers" were written by Jonathan M. Sewell, an American, about the commencement of the present century, and are to be found in an epilogue to "Cato," for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

JUNIATA.—"We have been trying to get a list of all the governors of this State (Pennsylvania), but have not been able to do so. As you seem to know everything (?), as a last resource we come to you." We don't pretend to "know everything" by any manner of means, but in this instance we are glad to be able to give the desired information. The following is a list of the governors of Pennsylvania: Thomas Mifflin, 1791 to 1799; Thomas McKean, 1799 to 1808; Simon Snyder, 1808 to 1817; William Findlay, 1817 to 1820; Joseph Heister, 1821 to 1822; John A. Shultz, 1823 to 1829; George Wolf, 1830 to 1835; Joseph Ritner, 1835 to 1838; David R. Porter, 1838 to 1844; Francis R. Shunk, 1845 to 1848; Wm. F. Johnston, 1848 to 1851; William Bigler, 1852 to 1854; James Pollock, 1855 to 1857; Wm. F. Packer, 1858 to 1860; Andrew G. Curtin, 1861 to 1866; John W. Geary, 1867 to 1872; John F. Hartranft, 1873.

A. E. W.—No one, not even a husband, can be more anxious to oblige a young lady than ourselves, but we cannot be constantly repeating the same receipt. We hope, and if you have been reading over this department of our paper, you must have seen the receipt which we published lately for freckles. If you will make a point of reading this column always, you will get many "wrinkles" in your mind that will not show themselves on your face.

IGNORAMUS.—You ought to read up on the subject. We cannot give scientific treatises in our answers to correspondents. We can, however, so far reply to you as to state that the mariner's compass owes its uses to the power of magnetism. That invaluable instrument consists of a magnetized needle of steel, poised freely on its centre, so as to enable it to point always towards the north. To the upper side of the magnet is attached, so as to move round with it, a card, with the four cardinal and twenty-eight intermediate points marked upon it. The magnet and card are enclosed in a circular brass box, covered above with glass, to prevent the card being thrown off its horizontal position by the motion of the ship.

T. F. M.—The commonly received maxim that men should marry young is all very good so far; but they should not marry too young. It is both unseemly that a mere youth be addressed by the reverential name of father, and unfavorable to his success in life that he should be too soon burdened with the cares of a family. It is positively painful and unnatural to see the sober and grave demeanor which marriage somehow or other invariably produces upon faces where the gaiety and lightheartedness of youth ought still to reign without dispute. It is still more distressing to see a mind of some considerable promise checked in its career, and by the necessity of having to fill a number of young mouths, fixed down to some toil hardly worthy of it, without the hope of ever again being able to venture its powers in fields more suitable and more congenial. We decidedly think, with all due respect for those who argue the expediency of early marriages, that no one ought to venture upon that step till at least twenty-one years of age.

W. W. (Warrenton, Va.)—"You may laugh at my ignorance, and think I ought to know more about geography than to be asking you such a question, but I can't help it. Please tell me all you know about the Sandwich Islands, of which we hear so much just now; and don't refer me to anybody's geography, for I am so situated that I cannot get access to such a book." The Sandwich Islands are twelve in number, comprising in all a little over 6,000 square miles—about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Two-thirds of this area belongs to the island of Hawaii, although Oahu is better known generally from its containing Honolulu, the capital city, which has 16,000 inhabitants. The population of the whole group in 1872 was 56,897. It appears by the last census of the inhabitants that there were 49,044 persons of the pure native race, 2,486 of mixed origin, 1,938 Chinese, 360 Americans, 339 English, and the remainder hailed from other European countries. The twentieth degree of north latitude runs through the group, so that they are in the same latitude as Cuba.

A FARMER'S SON.—There is no more fatal error than the practice, too common in this country, of leaving a good farm and embarking in the vicissitudes of a city life. A young man, it is thought, has but to come to the metropolis to make his fortune. This false and exaggerated notion has been the ruin of many a youth. Despising the laborious occupation of his father, and impatient of the slow returns of a farmer's life, the eager hearted young man bids adieu to the paternal mansion, and hurries to a strange city, where he is destitute of friends in the hour of need, and subject to a thousand temptations which usually distort, if they fail to ruin his character. Coming to a large city is like going to a strange country. Here every one is so engrossed with the desire of his own advancement, that there is room for little of that kindness and sympathy for which a country population is distinguished. Success in life does not always attend the young adventurer, even if his health is spared, and he rises superior to a city's temptation. Often he finds that he has given up a slow but secure pursuit at home, to embark in uncertain gains and shipwreck his fortune at last. You had better be content with small gains and live a happy life, than be trampled to death in the crowded thoroughfares of a great town.

C. H. S. (St. Louis.)—You are a great deal too young yet to seriously think of such an important matter as marriage. Only sixteen, and to be talking about engagement and all such nonsense! Your yearning for "some one to love you, and you only," is all very natural and right too; it is the great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything; and it is wisdom before seeking this to wait. Your choice at sixteen would be very different from your choice at twenty. A man who would quite suit you then, would only disgust and weary you when you grow older. Till schooldays are over, therefore, you can well afford to let love rest. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Study all you can, and render yourself truly intelligent and accomplished. Girls who, falling in love, make the mistake of getting married when they are mere babies, as it were, find studying after marriage very tedious work. Even should such a foolish flirtation as your present one end in early marriage, how long, think you, before your husband would become weary of a wife who knew only enough to talk about dress or dancing? How painful for you to be silent, through ignorance, should you chance to have intelligent guests at your house? Take our advice, and do not hurry into life's cares and responsibilities until you are both mentally and physically fitted to carry you patiently and hopefully through them all.

S. E. B.—"Perhaps I should write to the lady who answers the 'Fashion' correspondent, as I suppose she would know more about cooking than you. But, if you can, will you please tell me how to cook the custard cakes they make so splendidly in the confectionery stores. I should be ever so much obliged for the receipt." We do not exactly know what particular confectionery store you have been evidently patronizing, but custard cakes made after the following receipt will be found excellent: Half pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of flour, eight eggs, and one pint of water. Stir the butter into the water, which should be warm, set it on the fire in a saucepan, and slowly bring to a boil, stirring it often. When it boils, put in the flour, boil one minute, stirring all the while; take it from the fire, turn into a deep dish and let it cool. Beat the eggs very light, and whip into this cooled paste, first the yolks, then the whites. Drop, in great spoonfuls, upon buttered paper, taking care not to let them touch each other, and bake ten minutes. 2. "How d'o they cook scallops in the Fulton Market, New York?" Scallops sold in the market referred to are generally ready for cooking. If bought in the shell, boil them and take out the hearts, as that is the only part used. After proper boiling, dip them in beaten eggs, then in cracker dust, and fry in butter or hot lard. Sometimes they are stewed like oysters, but they are generally preferred fried, and this is the manner pursued in the market mentioned.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.